

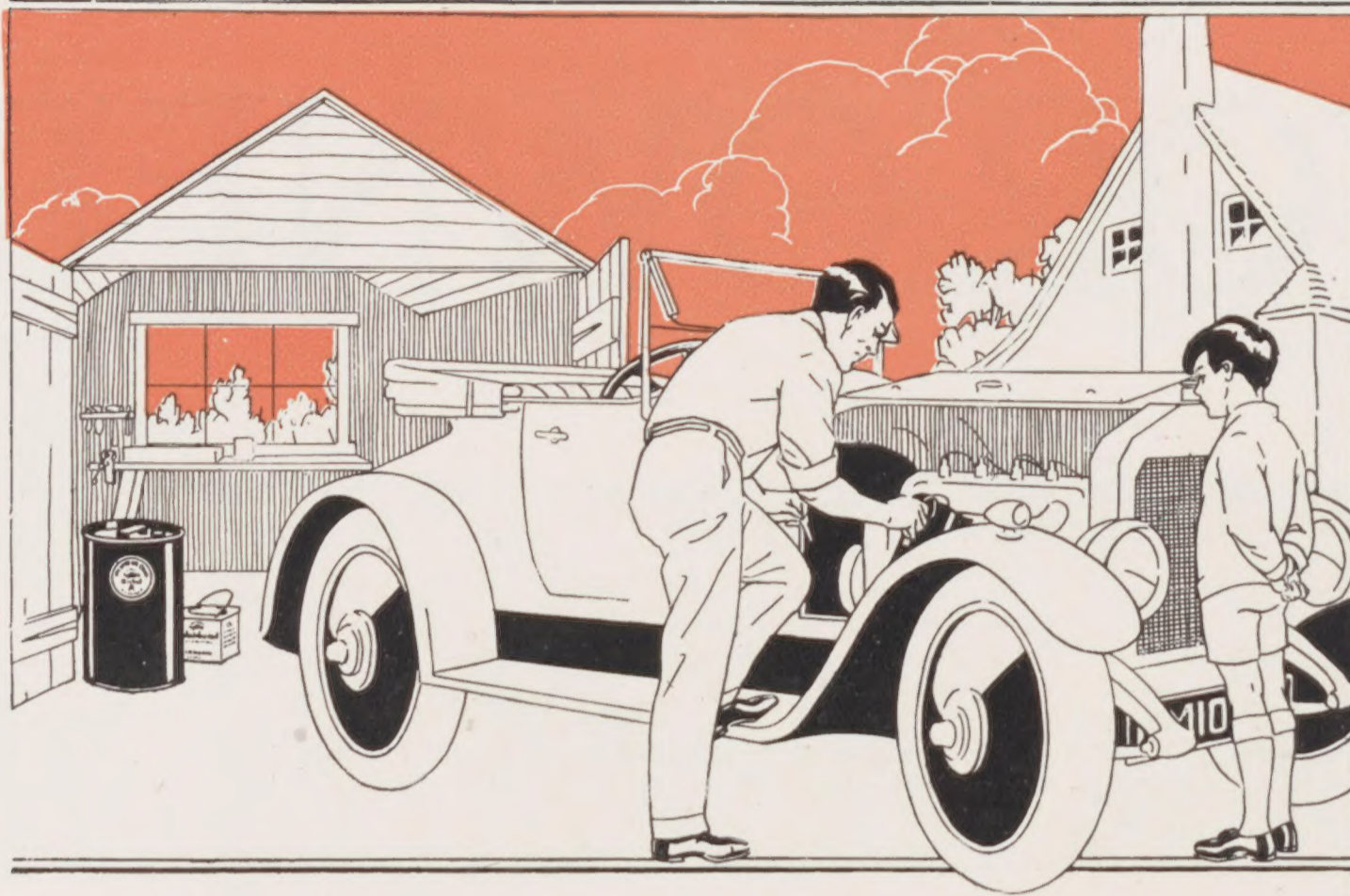
# *The* MOTOR OWNER



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isfied  
OGED

April 1925

One Shilling



# Keep Oil at Home

*An important message to the motorist with a home garage*

Now is the time to see that an adequate home supply of Mobiloil is always on hand in your home garage.

With such a home supply of Mobiloil you form the valuable habit of attending frequently to the oil in your crank case—at the same time that you inspect your tyres, the petrol supply, and the water in your radiator.

Certainty of correct oil always, convenience, better operation and economy, are direct advantages of installing a 10 or 5-gallon drum, or a 4-gallon can of Mobiloil in the home garage.

In buying Mobiloil be sure that you get the correct grade for your engine. If your car is not listed in the partial Chart shown here you will find it on the complete Chart of Recommendations at your dealer's.



HEAD OFFICE: Caxton House, Westminster, S.W.1  
WORKS: Birkenhead and Wandsworth

BRANCH OFFICES: Belfast, Bristol, Dublin, Liverpool, Newcastle, Birmingham, Cardiff, Glasgow, Manchester, Sheffield

# VACUUM OIL COMPANY, LTD.

## Chart of Recommendations (ABRIDGED EDITION)

### MOTOR CARS

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of motor cars are specified in the Chart below.

**How to Read the Chart:**  
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"  
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arc"  
A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"  
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"  
TT means Gargoyle Mobiloil "TT"  
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when cold temperatures may be expected.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Board of Automotive Engineers of the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., and represents their professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAME OF CAR	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
A.C., 4-Cyl. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
A.C., 6-Cyl. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Alvis ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Armstrong-Siddeley ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Arrol-Johnston ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Austin, 20 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Austin (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bean, 11.9 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bean, 12 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bean, 14 h.p. ...	A	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Bentley ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Buick ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Calcott, 12/24 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Calcott (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chevrolet ...	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Citroen, 7.5 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Citroen, "Caddy" ...	A	A	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Citroen (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Crosley, 14 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Crosley (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Cubitt ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler, 12 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler, 16 h.p. ...	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Daimler (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Durant Four ...	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Durant Rugby ...	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Essex ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Fiat ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Ford ...	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Galloway ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
G.W.K. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
H.E. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Hotchkiss ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson Super Six ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Humber, 8 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Humber (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Jowett (All Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lagonda ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia (Dikappa and Trikappa) ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lancia (Lambda) ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lancia (All other Models) ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Morris-Cowley ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Morris-Oxford, 11.9 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Morris-Oxford (All other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Napier ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland 13.9 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland (All Other Models) ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peugeot, "Quad" ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Peugeot, 11 & 12/20 h.p. ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peugeot, Sleeve Valve ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peugeot (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Renault, 8.3 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Renault (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Riley ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rolls-Royce ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rover, 8 h.p. ...	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Rover, 9/20 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rover (All Other Models) ...	A	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Salmon ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Standard, 11 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Standard, 14 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Star, 15.9 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star, 20/50 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Studebaker ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Sunbeam ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Swift ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Talbot, 14 & 16 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Talbot (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Talbot-Darracq, 16 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Talbot-Darracq (8 Cyl.) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Talbot-Darracq (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Unic ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Vauxhall, 23/60 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vauxhall, 25 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vauxhall (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Vulcan, 10 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vulcan, 12 h.p. ...	A	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Vulcan (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Wobley ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A

**GEAR BOX and BACK AXLE**  
Correct Lubrication recommendations are shown on the complete Chart exhibited in all garages.

**REMEMBER:** Ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil the full title. It is not sufficient to say "Give me a gallon of 'A' or 'BB'." Demand Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" or Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB," or whichever grade is specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations.

# CARS

Mobiloil for engine lubrication  
Chart below.

rgoyle	Mobiloil	"E"
rgoyle	Mobiloil	"Arctic"
rgoyle	Mobiloil	"A"
rgoyle	Mobiloil	"BB"
rgoyle	Mobiloil	"TT"
rgoyle	Mobiloil	"B"

ended for summer and winter should be followed during the years may be expected.

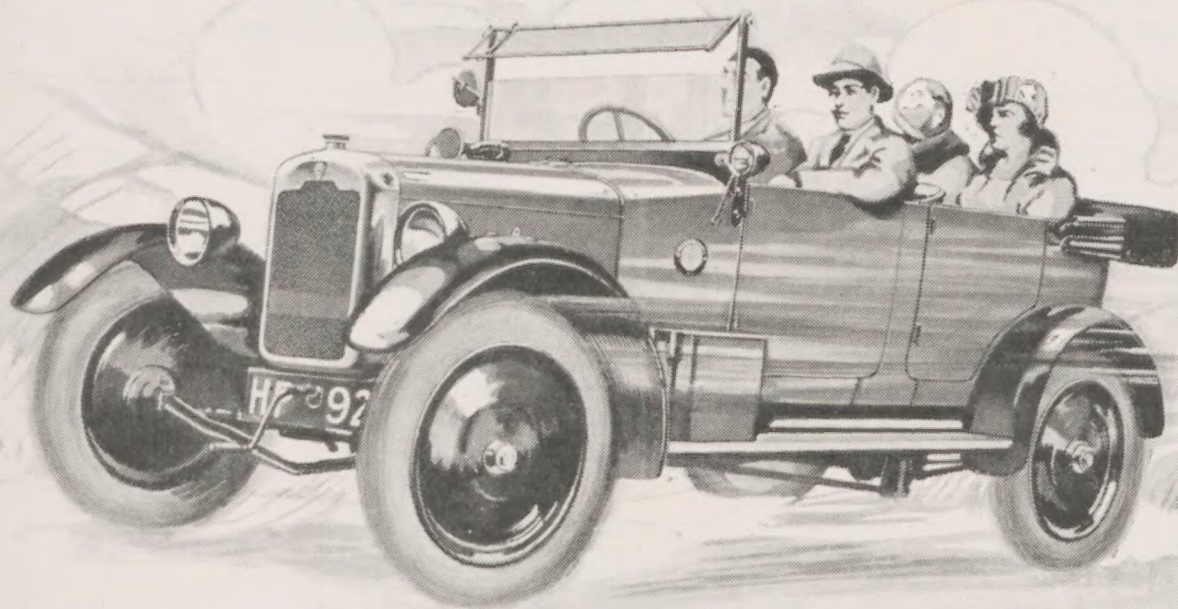
is compiled by the Board of  
Exxon Oil Company, Ltd., and  
a correct automobile lubrication.

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BACK AXLE  
Recommendations are shown  
hibited in all garages.

Gargoyle Mobil Oil  
sufficient to say "Gargoyle"  
or 'BB'." Deming  
or Gargoyle Mobil Oil  
trade is specified  
of Recommendation

pool Newcastle  
chester Sheffield  
**LTD**



With its four-cylinder, overhead valve engine developing 20 b.h.p., the 9/20 h.p. Rover can hold its own with almost any touring car on the road. Smart and distinctive in appearance, comfortable to sit in and excellently sprung, it represents high-water mark in British light car value. Special points to note are the *totally-enclosed*

overhead-valve gear which, like every engine bearing, is lubricated under pressure, the water circulation by *pump*, the Dunlop balloon tyres, and the fact that petrol and oil costs do not exceed  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per mile. Two-seater with dickey, or four-seater with three door body, on 8 ft. 3 in. wheelbase chassis, costs £185, or £200 with de luxe equipment.

# ROVER

THE ROVER COMPANY, LTD., COVENTRY  
61 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1  
SERVICE DEPOT: SEAGRAVE RD., FULHAM, S.W.6

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ROVER IS BRITISH ALL THROUGH

## SIDE LAMP

Fit a pair of these splendid lamps to your car. Finished in either nickel or black and nickel at the same price.

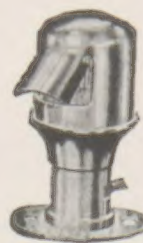


CAT. No. 515

PRICE PER PAIR £2 2 0

# Rotax

## LIGHTING & STARTING



CAT. No. 4275

## HELMET TYPE DASH LAMP

A smart and useful lamp. Universal mounting. Swivels in any direction. Helmet protects driver's eyes. A distinctive finish. Nickel-plated finish.

PRICE EACH 10/-



CAT. No. 4362

## BOX OF BULBS

for Five Lamp Equipments

Comprising—

Two ... 24 w. Head  
Two ... 6 c.p. Side  
One ... 3 c.p. Tail  
One ... 3 c.p. Dash

for 6 or 12 volt equipments.

PRICE WITH BOX 14/6

## Set for Three Lamp Equipment

In square case

CAT. No. 4363

PRICE — 10/-

When posting, address orders and remittance to Ref. C.M.G.—

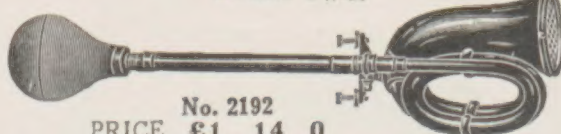
## ROTAX (MOTOR ACCESSORIES) Ltd.

— HEAD OFFICES AND WORKS —

ROTAX WORKS, WILLESDEN JUNCTION,  
LONDON, N.W.10. Telephone: Willesden 2480  
Telegrams: "Rodynalite, Phone, London."

## Rotax "CLARION" TYPE HORN

Double Twist

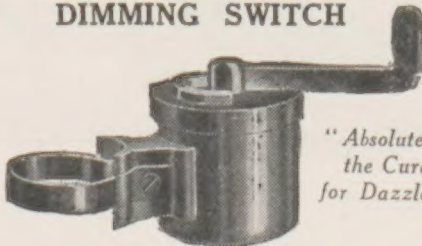


No. 2192  
PRICE £1 14 0

A very fine horn—deep, resonant and penetrating note.

No. 2478 Same as above but with Flex tubing £2 3 0

## GRADUAL REGULATION DIMMING SWITCH



"Absolutely the Cure for Dazzle."

To the large number of motorists now using this device, it is proving a real boon—and incidentally to others on the road. It enables you to absolutely control the power of light—up and down—between "full on" and "mere glow." Can be used with any system. Why wait for legislation? Fit this Switch and be safe.

Price each complete with flex 15/-  
Postage 9d. inclusive.

## CASE OF SPARE PARTS

For Lighting & Starting Sets

Motorists should always carry a reserve case when starting on a journey. They may prove invaluable. SPARE PART CASE No. 1022—comprises: One set Dynamo brushes, Two battery lug screws, One set of Starter Motor Brushes, Two Dynamo Brush Springs, Switchboard Fuse and assortment of screws, washers, nuts, etc.

CAT. No. 1022

PRICE WITH CASE 10/-

## SERVICE DEPOTS

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A TYPE OF PROPERTY  
RARELY IN THE MARKET.  
Combining the advantages of Sea  
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A few minutes from Sea and Golf,  
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SOUTH COAST RESORT of

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### "INNERWYKE MANOR" FELPHAM

A Delightful Old-fashioned  
HOUSE, recently redecorated.  
South aspect. Long drive.  
Company's water. Telephone. Gas.  
Independent hot water.



Halls, 3 reception and billiard rooms, conservatory, 8 bed and dressing rooms, tiled  
bath-room, 2 staircases, excellent offices.

Stabling, Garage. Thatched Summer House. Cottage. Finely timbered and  
extremely pretty grounds of about

5 ACRES,  
with tennis lawn, flower and kitchen gardens, crazy paths, sunken garden,  
paddocks, etc.



## BERKS

Golf, boating, hunting, and racing available.  
The very Attractive and Compact  
FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY,

### "FOXLEIGH GROVE"

HOLYPORT, NEAR MAIDENHEAD.

The Comfortable HOUSE is approached by drive, and contains 3 reception-rooms,  
2 staircases, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bath rooms, offices.

Electric light. Company's water. Telephone.

Garage. Picturesque Cottage.

Stabling. Farmery. Old-established pleasure grounds, orchard and paddock,  
in all nearly

8½ ACRES.

WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

To be SOLD, by AUCTION, at the St. James' Estate Rooms, 20, St. James' Square,  
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Solicitors: Messrs. Tyrrell, Lewis and Co., 43, St. James' Place, S.W.1.

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Two cottages, garages, orangery, and glasshouse; well-laid-out pleasure grounds,  
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1½ ACRES.

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## RICHMOND SURREY

Five minutes' walk from station,  
close to several Golf Courses,  
under half-mile from the River  
and famous Park.

The choice and commodious  
GENUINE QUEEN ANNE  
RESIDENCE,

### "LICHFIELD HOUSE" SHEEN ROAD,

Containing entrance and inner  
halls, 5 reception-rooms, 2 stair-  
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#### EXCEPTIONALLY DESIRABLE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE.

Lounge hall, three reception, billiard room, eight principal bed and dressing rooms, servants' rooms, two bathrooms, and offices.

*Electric Light. Modern Sanitation. Good Water Supply. Radiators.*

BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS, including croquet and tennis lawns, ornamental trees and shrubs, productive kitchen garden with range of glasshouses, orchard, and meadowland; in all nearly

SEVEN ACRES.

HARRODS LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

### ESSEX.—COLCHESTER AND CHELMSFORD (BETWEEN).

*Character Residence. Beautiful Situation. Open Views.*

FOR SALE FREEHOLD.

#### EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

beautifully situate, convenient for main line station, post office, shops, etc. Hunting, golf, shooting.

Entrance and lounge halls, four reception rooms, 16 bed and dressing rooms, three bathrooms, and complete offices.

*Electric Light. Good Water Supply. Modern Sanitation. Central Heating. Telephone.*

Cottages. Garages. Farmery. Outbuildings.

BEAUTIFULLY MATURED PLEASURE GROUNDS.

ABOUT 100 ACRES.

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Excellent house 600 ft. above sea level, about a mile from a famous golf course.

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#### PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE

WELL BUILT AND FACING SOUTH.

Square hall, three reception, seven bedrooms, bathroom and offices.

*Modern Drainage. Electric Light. Company's Water and Telephone.*  
Garage, Stabling and Outbuildings.

THE PLEASURE GROUNDS are of great beauty, laid out with tennis lawn and pavilion, ornamental trees and shrubs, kitchen garden, large number of fruit trees,

IN ALL ABOUT THREE ACRES.

Further land adjoining can be had if desired.

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## SOMERSET AND WILTS BORDERS.

CLOSE TO BATH.

300 ft. UP, COMMANDING EXTENSIVE VIEWS OF GREAT BEAUTY OVER THE AVON VALLEY.

### A FINE STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE



Well back from the main road, and containing lounge hall, three reception rooms, ten bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms, etc.

*Electric light. Central heating. Gas. Co.'s water.*

TWO COTTAGES. GARAGE.

CHARMING GROUNDS,

with tennis lawn, terrace, rock and water gardens, kitchen garden, orchard, etc., of about

6 ACRES.

PRICE ONLY £3,000.

Inspected.—Sole Agents, BATTAM & HEYWOOD, 20, Davies Street, W.1.

## DEVONSHIRE.

Within easy reach of the sea, but 250 ft. up in a particularly fine position. Eight miles from Exeter.

TO BE LET AT £200 P. A., OR MIGHT BE SOLD.

### A DELIGHTFUL RED BRICK RESIDENCE

Mellowed by age, in beautifully disposed grounds approached by drives.

Entrance and inner halls, three reception rooms, ten or twelve bed and dressing rooms, bathroom.

*Electric Light. Ample water supply.*

Cottage. Stabling for five. Two coach-houses.

Fully matured grounds, with tennis lawn, rock garden, kitchen garden; in all  
NINE AND A HALF ACRES.



Full details from BATTAM & HEYWOOD, 20, Davies Street, Berkeley Square, W.1.

## SOMERSET.

On the outskirts of a village six miles from Weston-super-Mare, and eighteen miles from Bristol.

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With old cloisters and private chapel, in perfect preservation with up-to-date fitments, including

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND CENTRAL HEATING.

Handsome hall and staircase, four reception rooms, eleven bedrooms, three bathrooms and offices.

GARAGE. LODGE. COTTAGE. FARMERY.

SINGULARLY CHARMING GARDENS,

beautifully timbered; kitchen garden and meadow,

About

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## SUSSEX COAST.

Two miles from Cooden Golf Links.

### A CHARMING TUDOR RESIDENCE

Placed amidst pleasing surroundings, recently modernised and beautifully appointed throughout. Handsome staircase, panelled dining hall, reception rooms, seven bedrooms, two bathrooms, and complete offices; garage; excellent Home Farm.

SUPERB GARDENS,

Herbaceous borders, crazy paths, tennis lawn, kitchen garden and orchard.

114 ACRES.

For immediate sale

AT MODERATE PRICE.

Agents: BATTAM & HEYWOOD, 20, Davies Street, W.1.

UNEQUALLED POSITION,  
with southern exposure, sheltered from the north,  
having wonderful views over the

## SURREY HILLS.

### A DELIGHTFUL STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE

Perfect in construction, fitting, and planning.

Halls, central lounge, three reception rooms, eleven bedrooms, three bathrooms

*Central heating. Electric light. Co.'s water.*

Garage, rooms over. Lodge.

Beautiful gardens with yew and beech hedges, tennis lawn, terraces, kitchen garden, and charming

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of about 12 acres. For sale Freehold.

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Seventeen miles from London. 30 minutes Watlington.

### A WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE

Well back from the road, within ten minutes of main line station, one and a half miles from two golf links.

Three reception rooms, eight bedrooms, bath, etc.

*Main drainage.*

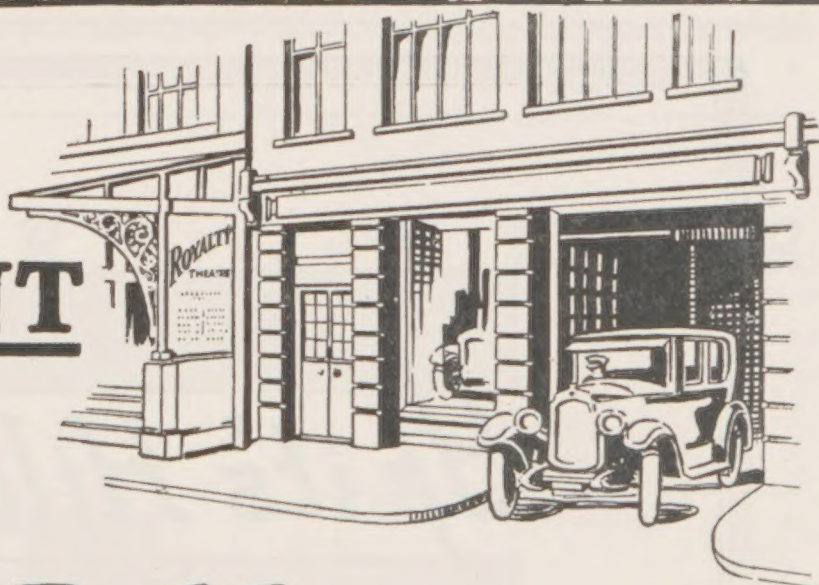
GOOD GARDEN OF HALF AN ACRE.

PRICE REDUCED TO £2,400.

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Estate Offices: 20, DAVIES ST., BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

**IMPORTANT  
ANNOUNCEMENT  
TO  
MOTORISTS**



# Shaw & Kilburn

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*have opened new premises at  
**75, DEAN STREET, W.,**  
which, in conjunction with their premises  
112-114 Wardour St., which adjoins, provides  
the largest Motor Garage in Europe*

ACCOMMODATION FOR 800 CARS  
ADEQUATE PROVISION FOR OWNER OR CHAUFFEUR  
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT  
ALL ACCESSORIES AND TYRES ON SALE

The Shaw & Kilburn organisation is at the disposal of all motorists, whether buying a car for the first time or exchanging their present one for a 1925 model. We shall be pleased to shew you the Essex, the Super Six Hudson and the Vauxhall, or any other car you are interested in, and can arrange a trial run at your convenience. You will be under no obligation to purchase; our service is perfectly impartial and covers the whole sphere of 'Motordom' from Coachwork to Accessories.

## Shaw & Kilburn Ltd.

**75, DEAN STREET, LONDON, W.1.**

112-114, WARDOUR STREET, W.1

20, CONDUIT STREET, W.1

Telephone : REGENT 6120.

Telephone : MAYFAIR 6210.

C.F.H.



*If it's Hillclimbing—*

*then*

"The  
Milestones  
know"



*The Bean "Fourteen" Five-Seater Tourer  
Dunlop Tyres. Standard.*

**Bean  
Cars**

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# THE MOTOR-OWNER

APRIL  
1925

VOL. VI  
NO. 71



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The Editorial and Publishing Offices are at 10, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2. Telephone No., Gerrard 2377 (3 lines). Telegraphic Address, "Peripubco, Rand, London."

Annual Subscription, payable in advance and postage free:

Great Britain and Canada .. .. 15s. Abroad .. .. 20s.

Subscriptions should be directed to the Publisher at the above address.

The Editor will be pleased to consider contributions of special interest to the car owner, provided they are of high quality and in every way suitable to the magazine. Short illustrated articles are preferred, dealing with any aspect of private motoring, either as regards touring or the home management of the car. First-class snapshots of roadside scenes or incidents are particularly desired. All photographs and sketches should be fully titled on the backs and bear the name and address of the sender.

Contributions should be addressed to the Editor of "The Motor-Owner," 10, Henrietta Street, W.C.2, and should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. While every effort will be made to return them if unsuitable, the Editor cannot hold himself responsible in case of loss or damage.

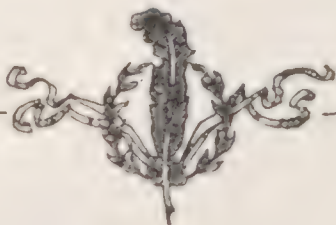
*THE LARGEST TITHE-BARN IN THE KINGDOM, SITUATED AT BREDON.*



Restore to God His due in tithe and time,  
A tithe purloined cankers the whole estate.

# SEEN THROUGH THE SCREEN.

*"The Motor-Owner" considers Passing Events with an Open Mind.*



## A Sorry Tail.

ANY observer who watches the signs of the times realises what a revolution the extended use of motor transport has made in the material business of life; but its effect on the Arts are not so apparent. For instance, the connection between an internal combustion engine and a musical instrument is hard to find at the first blush; yet, nevertheless, it is there all right. You reach it via the horse—the white horse.

White horse tail hair is an essential material for making violin bows—no substitute has been found—and the coming of the internal combustion engine has driven the horse from the road, so it is no longer worth while to breed it to any extent.

Ergo, in course of time we shall have to be content with the music of a purring engine, and forgo our violin obbligato. Dear! Dear!

## A Pernicious Parliamentary Proposal.

Once more an occasion arises when motorists may be called upon to close up their ranks to face an onslaught upon their just rights.

There is a proposal afoot concerning the administration of the Road Fund, which, for crass disregard of obligation, is without parallel.

Briefly put, the suggestion is that in the future grants from the funds shall be allotted to all roads, whether classified or unclassified. Moreover, that the fund shall be applied solely for the maintenance of existing roads, and shall not be used for the construction of new highways.

The plea under which this subversive proposal is put forward is that the burden on district councils for the upkeep of existing roads has been vastly increased by augmented motor traffic.

We are not prepared to deny the contention that motor vehicles are responsible for some additional wear and tear of the roads, but we strenuously protest against the assumption

that an expense, which is purely national, should be charged against any one section of the public.

You might just as well charge a theatre running a successful play for the extra wear put on the roadway by the vehicles drawing up at its doors; or the brewer, whose heavily laden horse-drays do far more damage than cars, for a similar reason. No; the upkeep of roads is a matter for the community at large.

If the subject is tackled on broad lines, it will be found that even though a man never passes over a certain road in person, he, nevertheless, benefits from the road being there. At some point it touches his life-story, even if it only serves as a path over which are carried the bristles which go to make his toothbrush!

We motorists already pay an enormous amount in taxation as car users, quite apart from the amount extracted from us as private individuals. In the current financial year this motoring impost will probably come to something between £15,000,000 and £16,000,000.

There was a distinct understanding when this additional taxation was imposed that it should be devoted, wholly and solely, to the construction of new roads, not to repair. Any departure from this undertaking as between the State and the taxpayer would constitute a grave breach of trust.

The attitude of the powers that be towards the suggestion is not quite clear. At the moment of writing, the matter does not appear to have got beyond the moving of a resolution in the House. But it behoves us all to be watchful. The wise man does not wait to bolt the door until the marauder has arrived!

## The New London-Southend Road.

Whilst would-be plunderers are debating on measures which, if adopted, would bring the construction of new roads to an end, public and

private enterprise is being devoted to bringing others into existence.

We had the pleasure, a few days ago, of driving over the new 30 mile road which stretches from the Red Bridge at Wanstead to Southend.

It is a fine, wide, level road, which should be the means of drawing more and more motorists to the nearest seaside watering-place to London. The difficulties experienced in making it must have been enormous. Not only was the underlying material Essex clay, which is notoriously hard to work, but the thousands of labourers had to be brought from long distances and taken back to their homes each day.

It would be interesting to know what proportion of the £1,250,000 the road cost went in wages.

As a matter of fact, although land has been acquired for the complete width of the road, only the portion which will eventually be the up-road to London has been made at present. When it is completed, the up and down roads will be separated by a fairly broad strip of grass which will run between them for the entire length. Presumably this second part will not be constructed until increased traffic makes it necessary.

## Pay your Toll for Brighton!

Brighton, not to be outdone in the fight for better communications, is also to have a new road, if Parliament sanctions the Bill to be presented during the autumn session.

The projected highway is to be a private enterprise, and will be designed solely as a motorway. Consequently, its surface will be made of an anti-skid material.

It will cost somewhere about £66,000 a mile, and the builders will recover their outlay by a toll levied on each vehicle. This is expected to work out at about 2s. 6d. for a car all the way, 10d. a ton for commercial vehicles, and 1s. 3d. for a motor cycle.

There are to be five lines of traffic,

## OBSTRUCTION BY INSTRUCTION—YET CONVICTION!

and the motorway will have no steep gradients, cross roads or hidden corners. Moreover, the entire 38 miles will be fenced in as a discouragement to trespassers, whether human or animal—a very necessary precaution in the interests of all concerned, seeing that there will be no speed limit!

So both classes of motorists will be catered for in the future. The man who loves speed will be able to reach Brighton from London within an hour and a half, whilst the existing routes will be open for the one who prefers to "doddle along" and enjoy the scenery.

### The Plea that Failed.

A prominent "limb of the law" once asserted, in an expansive moment induced by a particularly good dinner, that if ever common sense became legal the Law Courts would have to put up their shutters.

Our forensic friend would find fresh ground for his candour in an incident which happened recently to a car-owner outside a County Court. He had been called as a witness, and, on arriving at the Court, asked the constable on point duty where he could leave his car, and followed the officer's instructions.

At the conclusion of the day's hearing he went for his car, only to be met by a Sergeant who informed him that the car should have been parked in an entirely different place.

The motorist looked round for the point constable, but he had gone off duty, possibly, like W. S. Gilbert's sentinel, "in search of beer and beauty." However that may be, he was at the accustomed spot the next day when the motorist arrived to continue his evidence.

On this occasion the car owner plumped for the position pointed out by the Sergeant. This proved to be an unwise choice, because the point constable took out a summons for obstruction, and, what is more, the car owner was convicted!

The magistrate decided that all he had to judge was whether there was an obstruction or not. It was no defence to plead that the Sergeant had selected the position for the car.

No doubt this is good law, but surely it is bad justice.



*Next month promises to witness the opening of the biggest tennis season on record—weather permitting!*

### Avaunt the Blues!

A well-known figure in a new guise now greets the motorist who faces wet weather.

It is the familiar R.A.C. road guide, but the blue waterproof to which we have become accustomed has disappeared. Its place has been usurped by a black oilskin jacket encircled



*On the ascent of Honister Pass, with a gradient reputed locally to be "one in three."*

by a wide red band. Leggings complete the uniform.

Let us hope that this outward sign of inward grace will not appear too often during the coming spring and summer! We shall appreciate the cheery and courteous guide still more in his fine weather outfit, which, we understand, will not be altered.

### Unlighted Level Crossings.

The columns of THE MOTOR OWNER have more than once contained references to the dangers of unlighted level crossings, and it was with much pleasure that we noted the result of the County Court case of Frost v. L.N.E.R.

It will be remembered that in this case the important point was raised as to whether the railway company was legally liable for an accident which happened through its negligence to place red lights on level crossing gates, which were temporarily closed. The County Court Judge decided against the railway company, but the latter is appealing to the High Court.

As the case is *sub judice* we are precluded from commenting upon the railway's position, either from the legal or moral point of view. But we can, and do, express the gratitude of all motorists to the R.A.C. for the part it is taking in the matter. Ever to the fore where the good of automobilism is concerned, the Club has decided to champion the cause of the unfortunate taxi-driver, who collided with the gates in question, by contributing towards the costs of the appeal.

### A Runaway Wheel.

A new danger to motorists is added to those already existing. In future they must not only watch that they maintain the proper distance away from the vehicle preceding them, but they must also keep a wary eye upon its axle.

A two-seater motor car was proceeding along the Bayswater Road upon its "lawful occasions," when it was suddenly maliciously assaulted by the 8 cwt. wheel of a motor omnibus, which had parted from its parent stem, so to speak, and set off on a voyage of exploration on its own.

Fortunately neither the driver of the car nor his passenger was injured, but the car itself was badly damaged. In fact, a story of wheel and woe!

# A MISS - UNDERSTANDING !



He : " How's your new car on the Pick-up ? "  
She : " Oh, indeed, I'm not that sort of a girl ! "



## SPEED AVERAGES, WISE AND OTHERWISE.

By Captain E. de Normanville.

*The author takes exception to the practice of running up to the maximum average of a car's speed, and suggests an experiment to prove his contention.*

**W**ITH deliberate intent, I am going to make myself unpopular with a large section of car drivers. This, although I by no means row in the same galley as Cyrano de Bergerac, whom Rostand made say—"To displease is my pleasure; I love to be hated."

The drivers with whom I am going to join issue are those who insist upon getting from their cars the maximum average speed of which they are capable. That is to say, supposing the car in question is an 11.9 with a maximum speed of 40 miles an hour, they don't like to be much under that when on an open road on a near journey.

Admittedly, this mode of procedure is the only way to put up a good, genuine speed average, but my point is that it constitutes the worst way to economise in running costs and maintenance charges.

To leave generalisation and to come down to a concrete opinion, my experience on this question of speed average combined with economy of operation and maintenance, is that, for normal touring work, a car should not be driven in excess of about 75 per cent. of its capabilities.

It is quite understandable that when on a prolonged trip of 100 or 150 miles the driver wants to put up a fairly good average from point to point. But he should keep to the golden rule, which dictates that such average should never use up the maximum capacity of the engine for long periods on end.

Perhaps a few specific examples of this general ruling may prove useful. We will assume that a car is an 11.9 with a maximum speed of, say, 47 m.p.h. all out on the open country road. Well, even taking into considera-

tion the desire to put up a good performance, the car should travel at about 36 to 38 m.p.h.

Let us take an example from another category, a 15 h.p. car with a maximum speed of, say, 55 m.p.h. when all out, then, given a perfectly open clear road, a speed of about 42 m.p.h. will probably strike a happy balance between consideration for the wearing capacity of the car, and desire for a good average.

When we come to the next category we find quite a different set of circumstances. For our illustration we will select one of the well-known sports model British cars which has a maximum speed of something like 80 m.p.h.

I have been driving such a car for some time, and, incidentally, it was the experience gained from it which is responsible for these thoughts. I found that in this instance, the mile a minute mark could be maintained comfortably without overrunning the engine, or overstraining the chassis. I need

hardly add that the road selected for this test was really open and deserted.

One trusts that a consideration of the factors already set forth will have melted the wrath which was anticipated in the opening paragraph of this article. But in case there should still be some lingering wisps of elusive doubt and anger, let me mention an experiment—open to all—the results of which should bring conclusive conviction and forgiveness.

On the dashboard of your car mount a glass tube, graduated off in 10 c.c. divisions; the bottom of the said tube must be connected to the carburetter. Now by means of a small hand pump, force the petrol from the tank into the glass tube so that it is possible to see exactly how quickly the petrol is consumed.

It will be found that the results will give an excellent insight into this question of the correct proportion of power to be taken from an engine for normal touring requirements. It will also be proved conclusively that there is a specific speed to a car at which it "will amble along pleasingly" with reasonable throttle opening and petrol consumption.

Now what that specific speed is depends upon the individual car. There will be just a nice little hiss from the carburetter, and the engine will be going round "really well;" and the accelerator pedal will still have plenty of depression left for a coming hill.

Lastly it will be ascertained that so soon as that demand for speed is materially increased, up jumps the petrol consumption.

I beg you to make this little experiment, as I did, not only for your satisfaction, but for my justification, for I have a sincere desire to be at peace with the whole world!



*Is this the latest in balloon tyres?*

*A HAIRPIN CORNER ON THE PORDOI PASS.*



THE region of the Dolomites has been a paradise for motorists ever since the Pordoi, the Falzarego, the Broccone and the Gobera Passes were built between the years 1905 and 1910. Most of these passes, and certainly the two foremost, have almost perfect surfaces, easy gradients—never exceeding 1 in 8—and the sweep of their corners, magnificent as the ever unfolding scenery is, is typically Dolomitic. Motorists in this district should never fail to visit Lake Misurina, Bruneck and Toblach, and then the delightful run over to Falzarego Pass (6,913 feet) and the Pordoi Pass, illustrated above (7,382 feet). Few roads in the district, except perhaps the Stelvio, present the slightest difficulty to the driver; indeed, the average man at the wheel is astounded at the ease with which these lofty roads can be surmounted.

# WHO'S AWAY A-WHEEL?



1



2

1—Real joys of motoring—a happy party alight from their Alvis car for a picnic on the bank of Lake Garda.

2—The large Daimler mudguard makes an excellent improvised table—picking the winner at a recent race meeting.

3—A Rolls-Royce owner in Lisbon; by the Tower of Belem, erected in 1514 to the memory of Portugal's famous explorer, Vasco da Gama.

4—At all well-attended gatherings the Rolls-Royce car is always conspicuously represented.



# PEOPLE AND THEIR CARS.

5—Touring the Italian Lakes with an Alvis—a happy owner pauses to view the beauties of Lake Como.

6—Major Saunders, who favours a Bean "Fourteen," snapped beneath one of the famous Banyan trees in Bombay Castle, India.

7—H.M. King Alfonso and Lord Lonsdale, both keen motorists, leaving Brooklands automobile race track after witnessing a thrilling meeting.

8—The car at the hunting meet is now a very common sight—transport difficulties are so easily overcome with its many useful aids.



7



5



6



# THE CARE OF THE CAR.

By Ronald Cann.

## Cooling and Efficiency.

THE explosive power of petrol and air is due solely to the rapid expansion of the gases during the heat of combustion, and not to the liberation of a volume of gas greater than that of the unexploded mixture, as is the case with gunpowder. The temperature of the cylinder and piston is therefore of the greatest importance to an internal combustion engine. The more heat there is inside the cylinder the more rapidly the gases expand, and the greater the power; though there is a point at which the incoming gas has expanded so much before combustion that not enough fuel enters the cylinder. Too little heat in the cylinder also makes an inefficient engine, as most motorists have discovered for themselves on a frosty morning.

The loss of power which frequently accompanies boiling is due to the thinning out, as it were, of the gas as it enters the combustion chamber, so that the ensuing explosion does not generate enough heat to force the piston down sharply. Over-heating may also be accompanied by pre-ignition and its attendant evils.

Every petrol engine develops its greatest power at a certain temperature, and it is to the interest of the motorist to keep his engine continually at this point while running. Cooling and engine temperature are intimately bound up with efficiency and running expenses, and a really economical engine is one which rapidly attains its best working temperature, and which remains the same under all conditions. In practice the best temperature for general running has been found to be a trifle below the boiling point of water. As even under the best conditions only about half the heat energy of the explosion is utilised (the loss occurs through the rapid conductivity of the metal cylinder wall and piston) an inefficient engine is even more wasteful than it seems.

In a water-cooled engine, provided that the water round the cylinder walls is at the correct temperature, it matters very little what the rest of the water in the radiator is doing. Unfortunately, the heat escapes from the cylinder wall so rapidly that the water surrounding it would soon boil unless circulation through the radiator was taking place.

For this reason many of the more expensive cars have some form of control arranged which limits the cooling power of the radiator. This frequently takes the form of radiator shutters operated by the driver. Another form of control is automatic, and is known as a thermostat. This is simply a heat-operated valve placed between the cylinder block and the top of the radiator, which opens when the water flowing up from the cylinders is at a certain temperature, and closes when it is below it, thus ensuring an even temperature round the cylinders. The majority of cars, however, are not fitted with any controls, so that in some instances, unless the owner blanks off part of the radiator air passages, his car may be very much overcooled in cold weather.

Air cooling, which is used on the majority of motor cycles and on a few light cars, does not suffer to the same extent from overcooling, the danger lying rather in the other direction. The rapidity with which an air-cooled engine attains a working temperature, and its successful use under all conditions of heat and cold—it is used, for instance, in many types of aeroplane engine—are points in favour of this form of cooling; but the difficulty of providing an adequate draught of air to more than two cylinders has hitherto prevented its adoption for high-class multi-cylinder engines. When a successful air-cooled "four" has been evolved motoring for the million will have come perceptibly nearer, for it is both cheap and easy to manufacture, and requires little or no attention.

Some air-cooled designs arrange for a large quantity of oil in the engine, thus giving another cooling medium. But this possesses the drawback of giving very difficult starting in cold weather with ordinary lubricating oil, though the use of a very light thin oil overcomes this objection. The temperature of the lubricating oil also plays some part in the cooling of the ordinary water-cooled engine, and a recent racing development is the provision of a small radiator for cooling the oil after it has been used in the engine. A touring car can easily lose a few m.p.h. from the use of a too thick oil, because this may increase the internal friction of the engine bearings quite con-

siderably even when hot, and still more when cold.

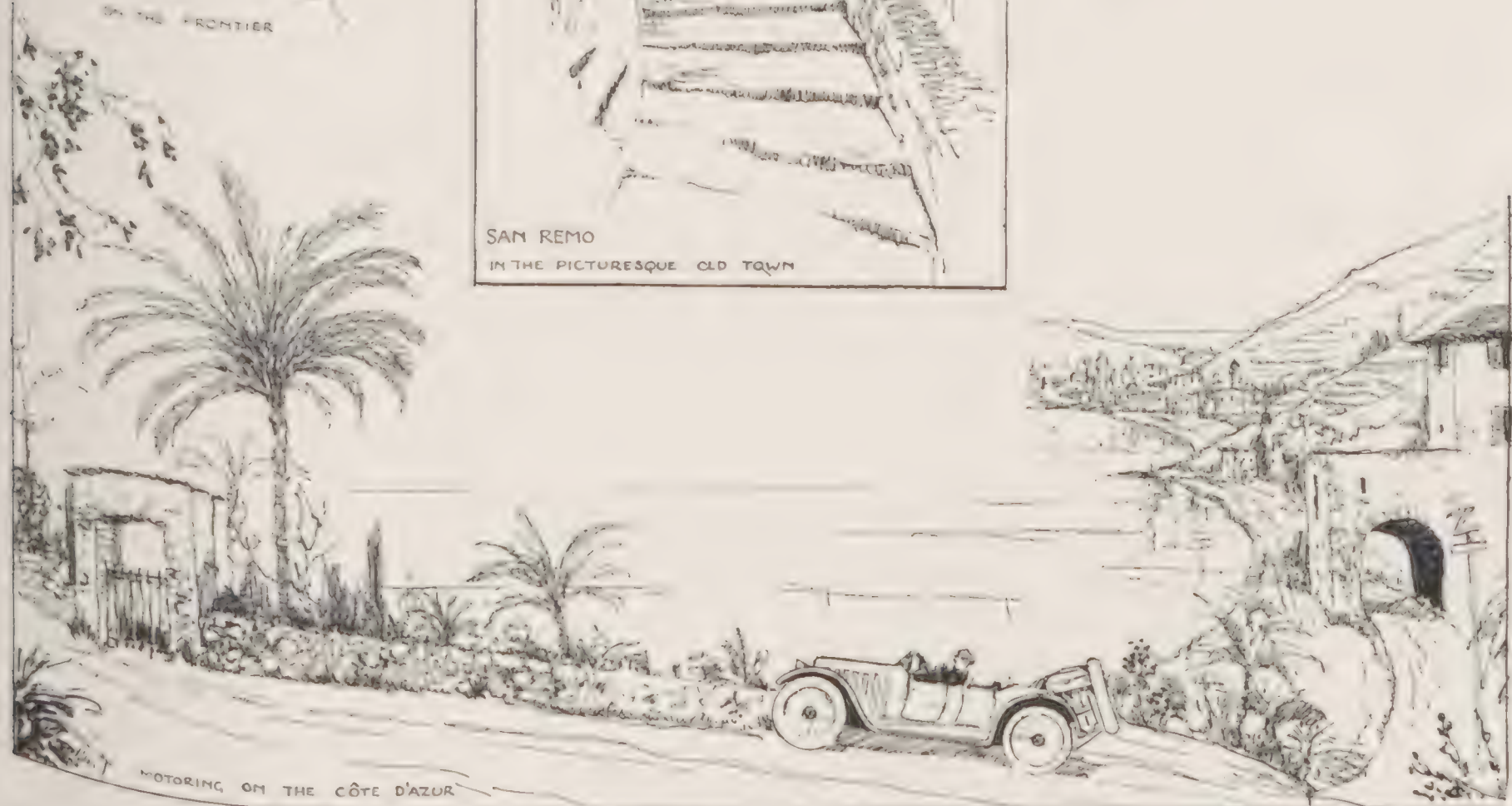
A petrol engine, then, should be kept at a temperature just under the boiling point of water, and at higher or lower temperatures there is less power obtained from the same amount of fuel. The wise motorist endeavours to keep his engine working under these conditions as far as possible, but some form of radiator thermometer is an absolute necessity. Manufacturers are beginning to pay more attention to adjustability of cooling, either by providing a simple form of clutch for the fan, radiator shutters, or by making the angle of the fan blades adjustable (so that less or more air is drawn through the radiator), while a radiator thermometer is becoming almost as standard a fitting as a hood, so that soon cars will need no additional equipment in cold weather.

At present the choice lies between a radiator muff and blanking off part of the radiator honeycomb. The latter is very easily and neatly done with a thin sheet of some non-rusting metal bolted over the lower third of the honeycomb, preferably on the inside. The engine becomes much more lively after such treatment, while it is easily dismantled in warm weather or for very strenuous conditions. Removing the fan is frequently equally satisfactory, but where the fan belt also drives the magneto or dynamo, it is of course impossible.

A thick rug over the bonnet, and a patent safety lamp under it, are the best and simplest precautions against a cracked cylinder block on a frosty night. Many of these lamps will burn for twenty-four hours without attention; but if the car is likely to remain unused for a longer period it is wisest to drain the radiator.

The cooling of an engine is also a method of obtaining the best working conditions for it. But temperature variations are so wide that the manufacturers prepare for the worst and leave it at that. Those motorists who boast that they have "climbed so-and-so at thirty, and the radiator was hardly warm at the top!" are really showing their cars are. It would probably have been at the right temperature.

ON THE RIVIERA—FROM AN ARTIST'S SKETCH BOOK.



## LANDINGS IN PORTS OF THE LEVANT.

By E. Torry.

*Glorious scenery; quaint and interesting villages; roads and "so called"!; and some thrilling experiences.*

THE frontier port of Syria, where runs the French mandate, is Alexandretta and, on the edge of the bay, one sees the French and Turkish posts. The nearness of the turbulent Turk may have cast gloom on Alexandretta, which is an almost sordid, miserable spot, its hopeless appearance being increased on the seaward side by piles of railway lines half laid, building materials half used, roads planned but never made, and other evidences of unfulfilled good intentions. Alexandretta is helping to pave a certain road if she cannot pave her own. To landward this unfortunate town has a settlement of Armenian refugees, living in shacks formed of any stray material, wood, kerosene tins, thatch, mud, all intermixed, and the whole crowned, in nearly every case, with climbing gourds. Each shack seemed to stand in a good-sized patch of land, and through the settlement flowed a wide stream of water; but these were the only alleviations of the wretched spot. The ragged population, however, did not appear starved or particularly miserable. Many Palestine villages would no doubt envy them their never-failing water supply.

Some bargaining secured a ramshackle car for three of us to drive out to Beylan, a village up the mountains, said to have been just recently completely burnt by Turkish armies; but our start was much delayed, the third passenger, a man most completely equipped with permits, passports and introductions, spending ages diving in and out of bureaux, giving or receiving information, while we sat in the car yawning.

Eventually we got off, in the usual style, full tilt over vile roads. Out here drivers never consider the springs of their cars, nor the nerves of their passengers: possibly they know that the one is already non-existent and the other soon will be.

Out along the road were numerous rolls of barbed wire, *cheveux de frise*, machine gun emplacements, and

other signs of militarism, not excepting several posts where our papers were examined, or rather the man's papers were, no questions being asked of us women.

We followed the Aleppo road and, being my first experience of an arterial road where no railway exists, I was amazed at the amount of movement on it, strings of camels bringing down cotton or corn from the interior, donkeys and mules with every kind of load or drawing ramshackle carts. In spite of many twists in the road we were never out of sight of some traveller, though there was no dwelling that I remember between Alexandretta and Beylan.

Glorious breaths of fresh mountain air revived us before we reached our goal so that we could appreciate the splendid position of Byland: a tiny grey stone town, tucked into a narrow cleft in the mountains through which all travellers must pass to reach the interior. Fire had apparently not had much effect on the stone buildings, but then all Turkish towns have a more or less ruined appearance, so our feelings were not unduly harrowed. The market was fully stocked with fruit and vegetables, the inevitable melons abounding and making lovely splashes of colour, as did also the red leather slippers and gay saddlery hanging out for sale, against an otherwise monochrome background, for at the end of summer the "gorgeous East" is apt to lose its gorgeousness and to present a drab, dusty, burnt-up appearance.

\* \* \*

At Beirut we secured a beautiful Buick car, with a very competent driver, who contracted for nine Syrian pounds to take us to the top of Lebanon ridge, whence we could see across on to the Baalbeck plain. The Syrian pound has a fixed value of 20 French francs, and when the franc falls, how infuriated are the Syrians! No doubt they feel the inferiority of their currency the more in that their neighbours, the Palestinians, use

Egyptian pounds, which stand at a premium over the English pound. The fluctuation in the value of the Syrian pound caused by this inflexible attachment to French currency, causes difficulties in trade relations with Palestine, which are the more resented since, not long ago, both countries were under one rule.

Our chauffeur, who spoke excellent French, was not depressed by finance or politics. He asked leave to take his nephews with him, and two jolly schoolboys aged about ten and eight climbed out of a window and dropped joyously into the car at the sound of his horn. So a cheery party set off on the way to Damascus, the car taking the hill magnificently.

After the insufferable, stuffy heat of Beirut the fresh air was, at first pleasant, but presently bitter, and we shivered in our thin frocks. The last village on the heights was Sofar, where the chauffeur suggested that we should buy fruit and bread for a picnic lunch, but we were tired and hungry and elected rather to drive on to the top and return for table d'hôte at a big pretentious hotel. So up to the top we went, till all cultivation was left behind us, where lay the coastal plain and the sea, and ahead we saw the fertile valleys leading towards Damascus.

A few minutes after we turned a thick white mountain mist came blowing up from the west, filling the nearer valleys and scudding across the hill-tops. At this inauspicious time a tyre burst and our chauffeur advised us to walk on rapidly while he mended it, rather than sit shivering in the open car. Good advice, no doubt, but we ought to have taken the children for company, as the mist grew thicker, while fantastic shapes, which proved to be camels with strange looking riders, kept looming up out of the mist and disappearing, leaving us alone in a wilderness of rocks.

We hailed our car joyously when it overtook us at last and thought our adventures would be ended when we

## LANDINGS IN PORTS OF THE LEVANT.

*A Shepherd on the hills of Palestine.**The Sea of Galilee and Plain of Genessareth.*

were deposited at Sofar Hotel. The meal was to come. Twenty minutes' wait before the meal was served and then umpteen uneatable smoked courses served slowly while a tinpot piano was badly played and a smart(?) crowd of varying complexions ogled each other. We paid outrageously, and could only eat the bread and fruit, which, had we taken the chauffeur's advice, we could have had for a few piastres in the villages.

Driving home down the mountain side, round terrible hair-pin bends, we began to wonder whether our friendly chauffeur's drinks had been quite as soft as ours, for he burst into song, rendering all the national anthems

of the Allies in French. Nevertheless, we were safely deposited in Beirut at 3.30, having had a run of nearly 100 miles since 10 o'clock in the morning.

From Haifa, the first port in Palestine, Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee can be visited by car in a day, the usual method of securing transit being to stroll into any garage and ask for seats in a car going out, trusting to luck to find another coming home.

Our good fortune on this occasion took us out with an affable and well-informed man, who had been in Allenby's big push and described the impromptu transport arrangements to us so graphically that, in spite of the seriousness of it all, we had to laugh. He now belonged to the Public Works department which is trying hard to improve the roads, for, though well-surveyed and engineered, they have such a bad surface that motoring, especially at the pace used by Arab drivers, is really no pleasure and often dangerous.

The last stretch before reaching Nazareth is along a ridge looking all over the fertile plain of Esdraelon, a wonderful sight even in autumn, but in spring, if all accounts are true, one of the most beautiful in the world. The hill-tops in Palestine are arid, rocky, barren and waterless. The valleys when cultivated stand thick with corn and the contrast is all the more wonderful. Unfortunately for the wealth of Palestine there are more hills than valleys, and the Turkish policy (or lack of policy) in allowing all trees to be felled and none to be planted, has resulted in all the soil being washed off the hill-sides.

Nazareth occupies a good position tucked into a corner of a hill-side, sheltered on two sides and possessing one of the few unfailing springs in Palestine, called the Virgin's Well.

From here the main road to Tiberias slips out through a rift in the hills and mounts slowly, in long sweeping bends till suddenly, across bare brown ridges, whose only colour variations are rushing, purple cloud shadows, appears a brilliant blue lake, the Sea of Galilee.

The road is fairly good here and keeps to the heights until immediately above Tiberias when it descends in sharp zig-zags with a most appalling surface, more like a water-course.

Seldom have lights been so welcome to me as those of uninteresting little Haifa, nor have I descended with greater pleasure into the streets of any more longed-for haven.

*Cedar Trees in Syria, Lebanon.**A beautiful panorama—Mount Lebanon.*

# “THE TIME O’ DAY.”

By Martin H. Potter.

*A Story of the Open Air, with Car and Horse as adventurous factors.*

ONE cannot defend Michael Esmar as a motorist. He had no shadow of right to take his car on the cliff road; at any rate he should have reversed at the critical point and returned the way he had come. The same remark, although in a minor degree, applies to Clemency Farrow. As a horsewoman she was distinctly ill-advised to take a mettlesome mare along the narrow piece of the same road which was all that remained of a recent landslide.

However, they both did the thing they ought not to have done, with the result that a motor-car with no room to draw aside by reason of a high cliff on one side, and a sheer drop of 300 feet on the other, was faced by a runaway mare coming from the opposite direction.

It was one of those moments which require lightning decisions. Michael Esmar, who was horseman as well as motorist, saw that the rider had lost control of the mare. In a few more seconds horse would meet car, and there would be a horrible smash. Swiftly he came to a decision. The car must go. He timed it to a nicety, switched off the engine, swung over the wheel, and, as the car hurtled over the cliff, jumped clear.

It was a near thing, the leap landed him within a few yards of the oncoming mare. He grasped at the reins as she passed him, but was dragged along by her side. Michael's arms were pretty sturdy, but the maddened beast dragged at them till he thought they would leave their sockets, but he hung on desperately, and at last man triumphed over animal—the mare, quivering and panting, was brought to a standstill.

Then Clemency Farrow, exercising the prerogative of womanhood now that the danger was over, slipped from the saddle and succumbed in Michael's arms.

Here we touch the fringes of romance. The situation calls for a description of the heroine.

One feels a delicacy in approaching the subject of Clemency Farrow. There are certain personal details in connection with her which are neither your business nor mine, and yet must be touched on, as delicately as may be, if the story is to be

told. She was a widow. Her age? Well, by birth certificate forty, by appearance thirty, by feelings twenty. Beautiful, with that wonderful blue-black hair which wears so well, and lends itself so tenderly to restoration. That reads like a cheap sneer, but nothing is further from one's thoughts where sweet Clemency Farrow is concerned. She was slender in figure, the heritage of the woman who loves the saddle. Straight thinking, straight running, straight riding. From these ingredients you should be able to paint a mental picture of Clemency Farrow.

We left our lady in the arms of Michael Esmar, who was quite content that she should stop there. As Clemency was also a not altogether unwilling participator in the situation, one may safely leave them to their felicity whilst describing the incidents which led up to it.

Clemency and Michael were stopping at the same hotel. A mutual friend had introduced them. As a consequence they had danced together, ridden together, played tennis together. Propinquity had bred friendship. Then friendship got a further fillip by reason of an indiscretion of Michael.

Although the young man was English-

born, he had left home for the Argentine in early youth. In the lounge of the hotel one night he had committed the cardinal sin, in Somerset eyes, of decrying Exmoor as a hunting country when compared with his adopted land.

He meant no harm, but the three hard-bitten old hunting men to whom he had discoursed had attributed to vain boasting what was meant as frank criticism. The result was a challenge that he should ride with them the following morning. They were to choose the country, and they promised him one or two bits that would make him sit tight.

When Michael had left the lounge, they decided that they would give him that piece of country to negotiate known as the Chains, because, once in their shifting depths, one doesn't come out again without help. Their idea being to postpone that help for some hours, and thus to induce in Michael Esmar due respect for moorland.

Clemency, who knew the Chains, and what is more to the point, the way out of them, heard of the lounge incident from Ashfield, her maid.

Ashfield was keeping company with the lounge waiter, and that accounts for the completion of the circle.

“It seems a shame to play a trick like that on such a pleasant, handsome gentleman, doesn't it, Madam?”—Ashfield was fishing. She had a shrewd suspicion that her mistress was inclined to like Michael Esmar, and it behoves a maid to keep in touch with these matters.

“I don't think men's silly squabbles concern us, Ashfield,” was the careless answer she gave for her pains.

That being Clemency's view one is at a loss to account for her subsequent actions.

The next morning the men who had charged themselves with Esmar's education set forth with him. In due course, after various attempts to unship him at other difficult points, they landed him in the Chains, and rode on, pretending not to notice his predicament.

Even now, if Michael had called for help, his companions would have come back to him; but he was of the stuff that



*Clemency and Michael danced together in the hotel lounge.*

IN THE SOUP.

endures boiling oil rather than admit its mistake . . . They went on. The mare floundered, and sunk deeper, until she was up to her girths, the clinging, sticky mire holding her fast. Michael, realising that the situation demanded inaction, lit his pipe, and settled down to wait, imperturbably. He guessed that his plight was a reprisal, and that sooner or later they would return for him. In the meantime—well—he shrugged his shoulders. The Chains are in a wild and remote part of Exmoor, which makes it strange that Clemency Farrow should have chosen the locality for an unattended ride that very afternoon. However that may be, Michael was aroused from his meditations by a hail—

"Hullo! In the soup?"

He looked across at the slim, boyish figure . . .

"As you see, deep and firm—Why, it's Mrs. Farrow!"

"Mr. Esmar?" Clemency's surprise was magnificent. She took stock of the situation with an expert's eye.

"Not so deep but you can be helped out," she assured him.

"Catch." A coil of rope came hurtling across. He caught the end dextrously, even while he wondered how it chanced that she should be carrying such unusual equipment. He made the end fast to his mare, and Clemency performed a similar tactic. Then she spurred her mount forward, shouting directions over her shoulder as to the firmer bits for which he was to steer. At last, with a despairing squelch the bog released its victim, and John was soon alongside his rescuer.

"What a brick you are!" he exclaimed, as he gripped her hand. "I may owe you my life . . ."

He was noticing that her hand was capable and firm, though small.

"I am glad to have been useful—though you exaggerate my help."

The emotion of the moment held them. She was very young, slim and beautiful in her stride; he was youth itself, and full of gratitude. His eyes sought and held hers for a few seconds. Then her long black lashes closed down in confusion, shutting out the admiration she read. She was tremulous, faltering, maidenly . . . Oh, my poor Clemency—how easily mature forty resumes the habit of experimental twenty!

Yet she was the first to get back to the every-day again . . .

"How did you manage to get stuck?" she asked.

He laughed, a trifle grimly.

"The fruits of not looking where I was going."

She recognised, and admired the evasion.

"I'm glad he doesn't squeal," she reflected.

John coiled up the rope, and made to put it across his saddle, but she took it from him, and flung it into the bog. They watched it sink out of sight.

"Why?" asked Michael.

"Muddy and awkward to carry."

"I wanted to keep it."

"Why?" was on the tip of her tongue, but having put sentiment on one side, she was not going to slip back again.

"I dare say they will give you a nice clean piece at the hotel, if you must collect," she chaffed.

"Anyway, you can't throw memory into the bog," he countered. To that she could find no answer.

They arranged that nothing was to be said as to the rescue, and dividing at the outskirts of the town, each rode in separately.

"Sorry we missed you this afternoon," was the greeting Esmar received in the foyer that night.

"Yes. Got into a little bit of a swamp, and it hung me up a trifle."

"The Chains!" "A little bit of a swamp!" It was calculated to make Somerset writhe—and it did.

Tactics between Clemency and Michael continued—ardent though veiled love-making for his part, she elusive and on the defensive. She loved him as he loved her. Every day, every minute, her soul sprang forth to meet his. All the woman in her longed to stand with him on an equal plane; yet she wavered—faltered. She was afraid—always between them she saw the shadow of the fifteen years difference in their ages. It has been said that she was straight thinking, and a mental leap into the future showed her what their relative positions would be when she was old—really old—and he still young. She knew she could hold him for a few years, but what of later? When little aids to beauty no longer hid, but accentuated Time's onslaught!

Clemency had long ago decided that when Youth was really beyond assistance, she would grow old gracefully—and what of poor Michael's feelings then? Yet, with all her strong common sense, she could not resist flirting with the situation. That was the worst of love, she told herself ruefully, it upsets one's perspective and sense of proportion. It was not till one was alone that all its sweet follies and inconsistencies leapt at one, flattening out Romance with the hammer of hard, cold facts.

So Michael continued to woo, and Clemency to drift, until at last we arrive back at the broken road, the derelict car smashed on the rocks at the foot of the cliff, and Clemency Farrow in Esmar's arms.

The fervour of the moment was strong. Clemency was pressed close to him, her face turned up to his. The veins in her white throat were throbbing with excitement. Her clinging confidence in his strength was madly alluring. She was all woman, in her temporary surrender to his embrace. He pressed his lips to hers . . .

Presently they peered down to the cruel rocks below, where the car lay in a broken heap. Clemency shuddered.

"And but for you it might have been me," she murmured.

"Yes. I thank God for a strong arm," he said it very simply and quietly, "because it has given me my woman."

"No! no!" she whispered.



*Clemency wanted to keep the highways of a definite "Yes" or "No" for midnight oil.*

TIME WAS THE SHEARER.

"Yes, yes. Clemency, we need each other . . . We belong to each other."

But she shook her head.

"Can you say you do not love me?" he asked.

She tried. It was such an easy, conclusive way out of the difficulty—but she could not. The lie refused to come to her lips.

"You see?" he cried, triumphantly. And then: "Clemency, I want you for my wife. Will you marry me?"

That was directness with a vengeance, requiring plain "yes" or "no." This is where John's impetuosity led him astray. He should have humoured the situation yet longer—plain questions were too final for our Clemency. She was not ready for decisions. She wanted to dally in the pleasant byways of love by day, and keep the highways of definite yes or no for midnight oil. She slipped from his arms to the ground.

His eyes very straight and honest.

"Yes or no?"

In the face of such masterfulness, what refuge was there for a poor uncertain woman, save in flippancy.

"I shall require notice of that question, as they say in Parliament," she answered, and tempered this with: "But it is adorable of you to ask me."

"In the language of downright circles, Clemency, how long?"

"Oh ages!"

"This time to-morrow."

A day would give her the necessary breathing spell, and she knew he deserved an early answer—so she agreed.

She dined in her room that night, to think out the knotty problem. One

thing she could do at once. He had asked for a curl of her hair. At least she could send him that. She stood before the glass and detached one before she retired.

This is the note that went with it:

"Dear Man,

"You are good enough to want one of my curls. Well, this is my very own, honest Injun it is—only Time was the shearer! Romance and Vanity plead that it be divorced from the pin! But I want to be straight with you. Oh, Michael, this poor little pin-curl voices my doubts!—Clemency."

Even while he kissed the pin-curl tenderly, the man in Michael was vaguely uneasy. The male rather resents these aids to beauty, although he admires their effect.

Clemency sent down a message by her maid that she would not be motoring the next morning, as she had to meet the 11.45 train. Need one say that Michael was at the station? The train was already in, and he saw Clemency standing alone. Evidently her friend had not arrived. He went to her.

"Good morning, Clemency. No luck?"

She turned round and stared at him, bewildered, and a trifle resentful—not Clemency, but someone uncannily like her, only—he admitted it with a sigh—younger, fresher.

"I beg your pardon!" he stammered,

"I mistook you for Mrs. Farrow."

The girl laughed.

"Oh, that explains. You thought I was mother. This comes of having a parent who looks young enough to be one's twin sister." The real Clemency came up

at that moment. Michael stared from one to the other. In the presence of this younger edition of herself, our Clemency, though none the less beautiful, had grown suddenly matronly. He could not but notice it, yet reproached himself with disloyalty. Clemency noticed.

"You have made yourself known to Margaret?" She smiled at him as she spoke. The girl repeated the happy laugh that was so like her mother's.

"Introduction by mistaken identity," she gurgled.

John left them for a moment to see about Margaret's luggage.

"Mr. Esmar seems rather nice," said Margaret, as they stood by the waiting car.

"Yes, quite," answered her mother, lightly. But a small inward voice added "The nicest in the world."

All three motored together to the hotel, and Margaret left them at the foot of the staircase. Clemency would have followed, but John placed a restraining hand on her arm.

"Yes or no," he said sturdily. But Clemency noticed that his eyes instinctively followed her daughter.

She took his hand, and held it firmly in her own.

"Dear friend," she said, softly, "Dear friend, the answer is—in the negative." And there was no tremor in her voice. Then she ran upstairs, pausing at the top to wave to him blithely. After which, on to her room. She felt she deserved the luxury of a good cry—and indulged.

You see our Clemency had definitely decided that you can juggle with the clock, but the sun makes the Time o' day!



"Mr. Esmar seems rather nice," said Margaret, as they stood by the waiting car.

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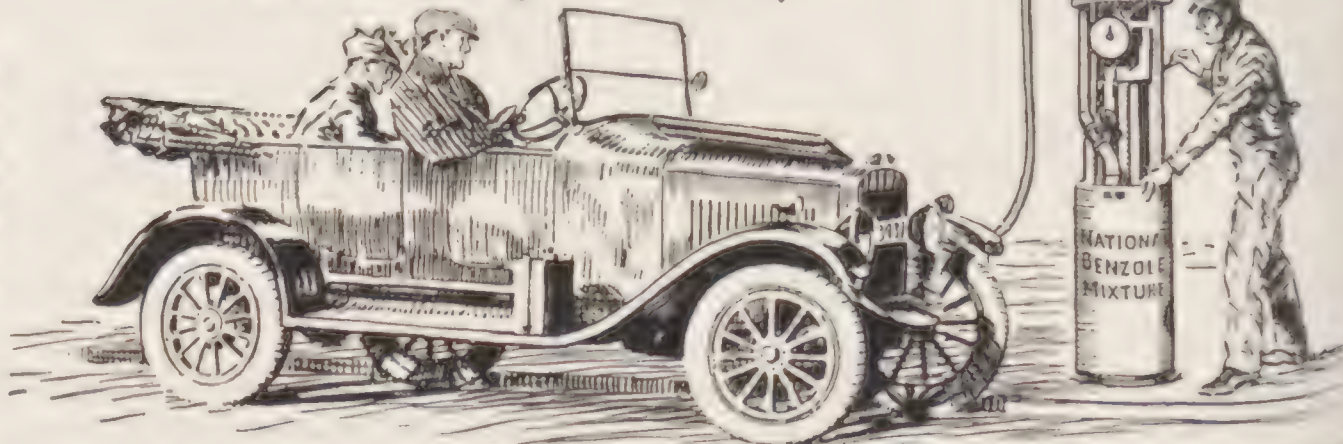
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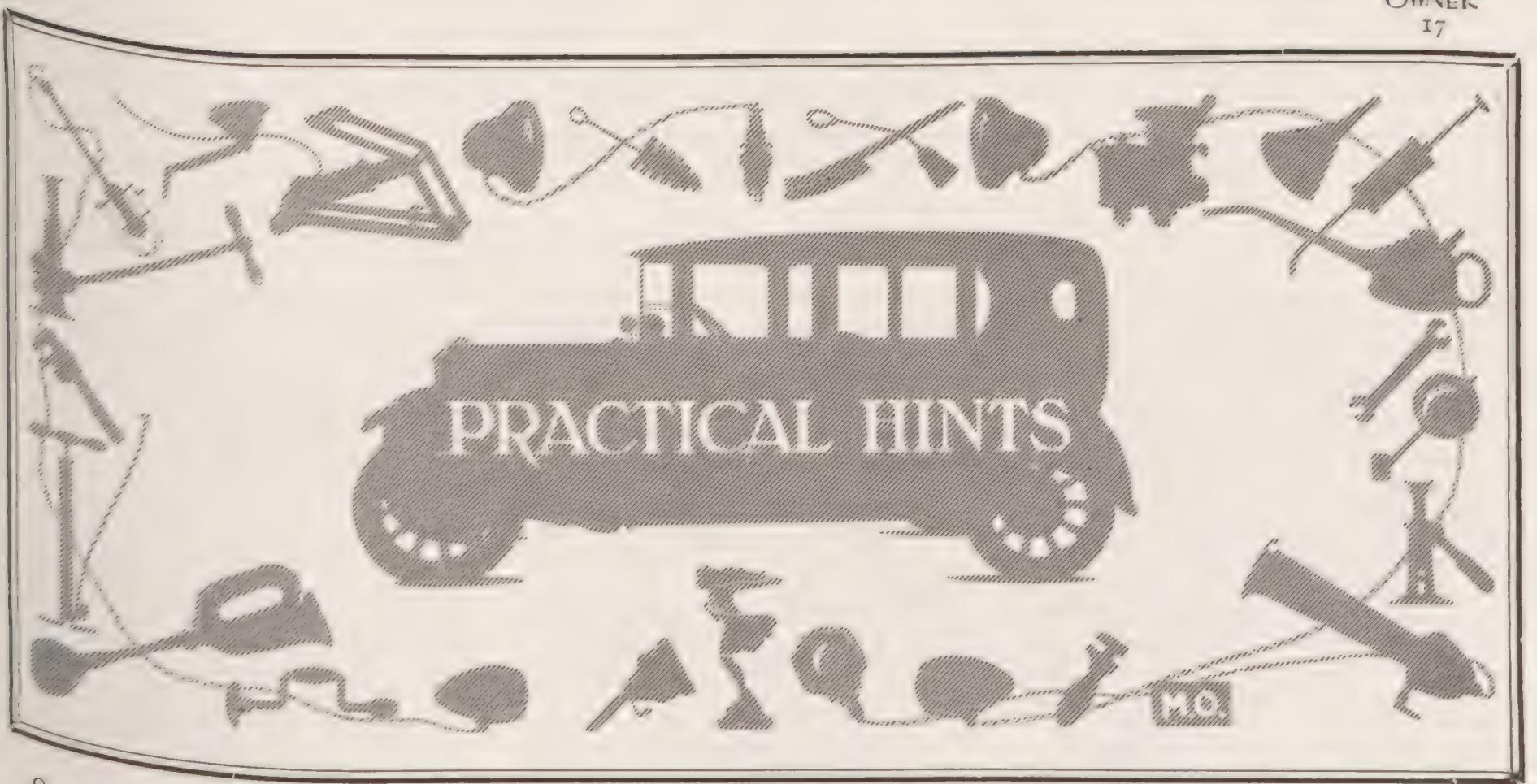
is different; inasmuch as it not only contains the benefits of other Motor Spirits but gives *additional advantages*. Is this not adequate reason for using it consistently.

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### On Buying a Car.

**I**N the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of a new car; so does an old man's. In fact, age or sex has nothing at all to do with it. The demand is existent in most of us, the only deterrent is the state of one's bank balance.

For those who are happily placed in this respect, or, failing that, have the ear of the functionary who grants overdrafts, we will offer a few pointers in reference to the new purchase.

Even motorists of some years' standing are frequently embarrassed by the richness of choice offered them, always supposing they have not got some definite make of car in mind. And these old-stagers have been known to choose the least desirable of what appeared to be two identical types of car.

It is small wonder, then, if the novice selecting his first 'bus should fall into similar, or even worse, error. Our remarks are particularly addressed to him.

The primary question is the price he is prepared to pay; but this point is usually given an exaggerated importance. The modern car is so good in all its forms, and such a wide variety is offered, that the purchaser has little or no difficulty in adjusting his requirements to his pocket. Cars of precisely similar performances are available at either, say, £250 or £500. They possess the same ability to run for long periods without attention; the same speed, carrying capacity, and economy of petrol consumption. The difference will be in luxury attributes. For instance, leather substitutes will take

the place of real leather upholstery; and, perhaps, the cheaper model will have a modern touring body with quite efficient side curtains, as against the elegant all-weather carriage work appertaining to the more costly car.

Putting these and similar refinements aside, the cheaper car will give its owner complete satisfaction—always supposing that the most suitable type has been selected.

This brings us to considerations as to type. Here again, the personal requirements of the prospective purchaser are the factors to be considered. Do his desires tend towards a strong five-seater family car, with good luggage accommodation, but not capable of any great speed? Or, on the contrary, does a light runabout constitute his ideal? Has he that mechanical turn of mind which pants to do things for itself, or would he prefer a car which functions so far as possible, automatically; one which demands only the minimum of driving skill from its owner?

These be points in which dogmatism is useless. We can only put the considerations forward, leaving them for individual decision.

We are on safer grounds when we come to the conditions which make for comfort and safety. Cars can only be built for an average shaped and stock-size driver, yet our prospective purchaser may have, say, a back disproportionately long as compared with his legs. Then the upper rim of the windscreen will probably cut right across his line of sight, and the pedals will not be within comfortable reach. If his physical proportions are just the reverse to those previously indicated, he will have to drive with

his knees bunched up towards his chin.

It is essential then to make sure that due regard has been paid by the manufacturer to these points. A driver is not receiving value for money if he cannot do a fair day's journey without undue fatigue.

In the majority of cases it will be found that provision has been made in this respect. For instance, the shafts carrying the pedals at their outer extremities are usually made adjustable as to length. Very often the shaft telescopes into a tube, and is held rigidly at the desired position by a split collar, and a bolt and nut.

With this provision it is easy to set the pedals in the most natural position for each individual case, but note also whether the actual pedal plate is adjustable as to its angle with the shaft; an alteration in the height of the pedal usually necessitates an alteration in this angle also.

Arm reach is also extremely important. It is essential that the wheel, and the brake and gear levers should be so placed that it is not necessary to make a deliberate effort to reach them.

Provision for wheel adjustment is not so good, or so general, as it might be. Frequently the rake of the steering pillar is arranged so that it can be adjusted, but as a greater or less canting of the pillar to or from the driver materially alters the effective length of the pillar, and not always to advantage, it is essential that the purchaser should satisfy himself that all is as it should be in this particular before making his final choice of a car.

It is essential also that the provision

## A FEW PRACTICAL HINTS.

for altering the rake of the steering pillar should be accompanied by means for adjusting the position of the driving seat. The usual sliding seat running on rails in the floor boards of the car, with means for locking the seat in any desired position is fairly effective; but to secure absolute comfort and almost universal adaptability it should be possible also to alter the angle of the back.

There is just one other point which should be thoroughly investigated before purchasing, and that is the setting of the front windscreen. The average modern windscreen, especially when equipped with additional side wings, is most efficient, but it is almost worse than useless if fitted at a wrong angle. When making the trial run, make sure that the screen is so set that it does not cause an annoying swirl of air to play round the nape of your neck.

### On Tarred Roads.

Although the Ministry of Transport has effected a great improvement in the methods of tarring roads, there still remains scope for further efforts in this direction.

Before making a few suggestions as to precautions which may be taken to protect paintwork against the evil effects of this bad workmanship, we may point out that any motorist who has cause for complaint should communicate direct with the Ministry of Transport. The officials responsible will take steps to bring the local surveyor to book. So much for public duty, now for personal efforts to mitigate or remedy the effects.

In going over a newly spread patch of tar always go "dead slow." If you stick to a speed of three or four miles per hour, and the mudguards

of your car are reasonably wide, no tar will be thrown on the coachwork, though even at that speed some may lodge on the inside of the mudguards.

In crossing such passages, keep well away from a preceding car. If too near, your vehicle will receive the spots of tar or tarred stone chippings thrown up by its rear wheels, and rear wheels throw such things farther than front wheels.

After getting clear of the tarred patch, you must still go quite slow for a hundred yards. This will enable your tyres to get rid of all the tar and tarred chippings they have accumulated. Immediate acceleration will mean that quite a lot of the deleterious material will lodge on your car.

It may be that in spite of all your precautions, you will get some tar on your paintwork. In which case attend to its removal at once. The longer it is left, the more damage it will do.

A piece of wadding or soft flannel dipped in new milk is very effective, and if used carefully, it will entirely remove the damage. New butter is also a wonderful cleansing agent.

If tar or tarred chippings are on unpainted parts, or parts where the paint is worn, a piece of rag soaked in benzole or methylated spirits will prove quite effective.

Do not use these fluids on the better finished parts of the coachwork. They attack paint and varnish, as well as tar.

Remember that tarred patches are extremely dangerous from the skidding point of view. At the same time if you strike one at speed in the dark, avoid jamming on your brakes hard. Tar on the coachwork, is preferable to taking the chance of a bad skid.

### On Motoring Nerves.

Motoring nerves have many phases; but they can be divided, broadly speaking, into three divisions. There is the naturally nervous driver; the one who is "jumpy"; and the one who suffers from after-effects, such as sleeplessness.

The person who is merely nervous when driving will usually improve as he gains more experience. He should go easily, using almost meticulous care until he is more familiar with his car. The idea is to cultivate the acquirement of automatism as concerns the movement of pedal and lever. If our driver has to be thinking out what he will have to do in any given circumstances, he is bound to remain a nervous driver.

"Jumpy" nerves are usually the result of self-consciousness. The driver, faced with some sudden emergency, feels his heart jumping into his mouth, and attributes it to nerves. Not a bit of it; if he instantly does the right thing to meet that emergency, those accelerated heart throbs do not denote nervousness; they are caused by the preliminary bracing of the nervous system to meet the exigencies of the situation.

And unless the driver is "nervy" under circumstances other than those of motoring, it is safe to assume that any after-effects following driving, such as sleeplessness, or a vibratory feeling in hands and arms, as though he were still driving on a bumpy road, are to be attributed not to his own personal defects, but to those of the car.

What it probably amounts to is that the car fails to some extent from the standpoint of good suspension and easy steering.



Motor racing is now in full swing at Brooklands, and our picture shows a recent winner crossing the winning post, with the positions of all other competitors shown on the lap cards.

# A MIRTHFUL MOTORING MEDLEY.



"Oh, by jove, what luck—a four leaf clover!"



Why does a chicken cross the road?



"Good morning, Mr. Binks, I haven't seen you at church of late. I hope —"

"No, Padre! Ever since I commenced selling secondhand cars—well, I kind of thought it would be too hypocritical!"

## THE 9/20 H.P. ROVER—A TRULY EFFICIENT LIGHT CAR.

**T**HE 9-20 h.p. Rover—what a praiseworthy product it is! And we say this while having in our mind very vividly the luxurious qualities of the more expensive vehicles. Trials of cars in the latter class undoubtedly spoil one's just opinions of the former, because one is apt to compare one with the other, when really they are in classes totally apart. To be quite truthful, this is what we did with the 9-20 h.p. Rover; but—and this speaks volumes for this popular British light car—its performance, in comparison to many costlier models, was truly remarkable! Lively acceleration and big pulling power are very marked; the engine is silent; transmission is light yet powerful, and above all, it is non-gluttonous with fuel: approximately 40-45 m.p.g.

The four-cylinder engine (60 mm. by 90 mm., bore and stroke) has overhead valves; a detachable cylinder head: is water cooled by rotary vane pump; and efficient engine lubrication

is obtained by "pressure feed" to all main bearings. The clutch, of the single plate type and fabric lined, runs dry and needs no attention; and gear-changing, with three speeds forward and a reverse, can be simplicity itself. Quarter elliptic springs throughout (with no shackle bolts to wear and no lubrication required) give delightful suspension, while steering is also light and reliable.

Regarding our own experience with this model, we put it to a series of strenuous—almost unfair—tests:—(1) hill-climbing; (2) load carrying; (3) its speed capabilities; and (4) for fuel economy. In the first instance second gear is a sufficient drop to master "Aston Clinton" with "four up"—quite an achievement and certainly an excellent example; a load of six passengers as the second test made no very appreciable difference to its pulling power; thirdly, *road conditions only* prevented us from exceeding 48 m.p.h.; and as to the last test, the actual figures recorded have already

been mentioned—e.g., 40-45 m.p.g. So that, in a few words, the 9-20 h.p. Rover can truthfully be described as an all-round efficient light car, possessing many qualities usually expected only in the "high-power" classes.

We have intentionally refrained from mentioning before the item of "Comfort," because this feature deserves a special reference. The model we tried is that with the long-wheel base chassis and de Luxe equipment. Well sprung black antique leather cloth upholstery; a choice of blue, dark blue, red or olive brown; the four-seater three-door body finish; Lucas electric lighting and starting; bulb and electric horns; 8-day clock; double deflector screen and hood with all-weather side curtains; spare wheel and tyre; leather spring gaiters; grease gun chassis lubrication; screen wiper; driving mirror; spare petrol can; tin of oil; and tyre pressure gauge—all that is needed! Comfort, therefore, is indeed a pleasing feature—and the price is only £200.



Above we illustrate the various details in the design of this car, which are of prime importance to the owner driver. In the first picture, the neat instrument board, the conveniently placed controls and the wide adjustable screen are clearly depicted; in the centre is shown the novel housing of the side curtains; while to the right the reader will see the handy arrangement of carrying the essential tools, spares and other useful extras.

ROVING THE COUNTRY IN A ROVER.



*The 9/20 h.p. Rover undoubtedly is one of the most popular British light cars on the road to-day, and our picture shows to advantage the car's pleasing lines.*

"NO DIVINITY IS ABSENT IF PRUDENCE IS PRESENT."

## MOTORIZING WITH EVE.

*From Kendal to Penrith, Carlisle and Keswick.*

*We meet an unhappy lady, and commune with Nature.*

EVE laments that the romance has gone from Kendal. She says that its sons now make boots, instead of being freebooters. That the Scots still come hot-a-foot, but that they are no longer spoiling for a fight, but seeking to be shod.

It must not be imagined that Eve is peevish with the footgear as footgear. As a matter of fact, she took the opportunity to refurbish her own dainty pedal extremities at the source of supply, much to our mutual satisfaction.

No! I think that the little grumble was the result of a desire to get going on our travels again. The car was in dry dock. After our last journey, we had found it necessary to have the carburetter taken down. It had proved a longer job than we had expected—by some mysterious miscalculation, these garage operations always do; consequently, having previously thoroughly exhausted all the places of interest in the little town, including Castle Dairy with its ancient relics, we were at a loose end.

A student of feminine psychology once told the present writer that the remedy for a lady in the blues was to make her talk. "Probably she'll do it without much persuasion," he added drily, "but that will only give additional virtue to the remedy."

Whilst by no means agreeing with the underlying cynicism of my friend's dictum, I determined to try the recipe on Eve.

I led her to the bridge which crosses the River Eden. We stood with our arms resting on the low parapet, gazing at the old town and the swift running river, and the signs of approaching spring. Then I threw out a con-

versational line, baited with a remark concerning the sons and daughters which Kendal had bred, and sent out into the world to play great parts. Eve rose to it eagerly. Her boredom vanished like mist before the sun. She was her bright, sprightly self once more. She talked! My friend was so far justified.

And the theme my fair companion selected was the one I had led up to. It was a quite fruitful one, for Kendal is rich in names. In its unique old parish church, which possesses five aisles and three private chapels, lie the bodies of Parrs, Stricklands, Bellinghams, Levens and Howards. Names which loom large in the pages of English history.

Did not the first of the families mentioned provide us with a Queen in Katherine Parr; the only wife who survived the Tudor Bluebeard? A gentle lady, with much learning, wit, and, above all—tact.

She must have had frequent use for this last named quality. The headsman's axe was such a potent factor in Henry's marital arguments.

However, Katherine had been twice

married before she became Queen; so she did not go into the fray unprepared.

Eve laughingly remarked that "the poor lady had no doubt won her tact in a bitter school." This little sex thrust being a merry retort to the theory of the "student of feminine psychology" regarding women in the depths of despair. In an unwary moment, I had mentioned his opinion to Eve.

But to return to Katherine Parr. She managed to "keep her head" in both senses of the phrase, and outlived her royal husband. Two months after his death she married Lord Seymour, to whom she had been engaged when the King seized her.

But, alas, this reunion of lovers was only a brief one. A year after, death claimed poor Katherine. She died in giving birth to her only child. A sad ending to romance.

That fascinating true life story of 370 odd years ago seemed very near to Eve and me, as we stood on the bridge of Kendal. On our right was the hill, upon the crest of which stand the ruins of the castle which had been

the home of the ill-fated Katherine. She, too, had crossed the river on her way to worship in the church, ancient even in her day. As a young girl she had wandered along the pleasant banks of Eden dreaming her dreams; little thinking that some day she was to be the highest lady in the land, much against the dictates of her desires and heart.

Her years numbered only 36, but what a wealth of experience she had managed to crowd into them—surely a page of real romance which effectively rivals any "make believe" invented by a novelist? And it was only one of the many connected with



Castle Dairy, an ancient building at Kendal.

"ONCE AGAIN DO I BEHOLD THESE STEEP AND LOFTY CLIFFS."

Kendal with which we whiled away the time until those garage procrastinators released our car.

Then, hey for the road, and more roaming in old realms, with the melodious chimes from Kendal church ringing us farewell.

The way we had chosen was a right good one for our purpose, for it ran over ground covered by the flying army of Bonnie Prince Charlie after the fatal turn back at Derby, which annihilated his chance of a throne. A climbing road which at High Barrow reaches 1,304 feet, and passes through bleak but magnificent scenery.

We could imagine the difficulties experienced by the retreating army of the Pretender in getting its baggage wagons and artillery over Shapfell. No light job, if undertaken in the winter of these days over a good road, but the very deuce and all when tackled across the much more ragged highway of November, 1745.

However, it was managed somehow, and in the region of Clifton, to which we came in due course, the rearguard was brought to action by the Duke of Cumberland's forces. As a fight, it was but a preamble to the fierce slaughter which took place later, on the decisive field of Culloden; but it gains interest as being the last pitched battle fought on English soil.

The defeated Highlanders continued their fight to Carlisle, and we followed in the car their line of retreat through Penrith, a fine old town whose castle, after doing yeoman service against marauding Northmen, was demolished by ungrateful townsmen of the Elizabethan period to build a prison!

The castle was once owned by Richard III whilst he was still Duke of Gloucester. He used it as a stronghold, but preferred to live at Dockray Hall, which is still extant, and not greatly altered from those far-away times. Eve and I had the honour of taking wine and light refreshment within its massive walls, for it is no longer a seat of the mighty, but a hotel for the weary, known as the "Gloucester Arms." We were permitted to view a bedroom said to have been that of the Duke. One of the beds in this room is dated 1472, which gives colour to the assertion.

After this short break in our journey we set the engine going again, and ran over the 18 miles which separated us from Carlisle.

One could, and indeed should, write in much detail about Carlisle. Yet, when material is huge and space is circumscribed, what can a poor scribe do? He can only cut his literary cloth to fit his meagre columns. He must serve up in tabloid form the history of a town which goes back to Roman days. He must just allude to the fact that the town was at one time part of Scotland when Scotland was a separate kingdom, but became English soon after Doomsday Book was compiled, only to lapse to Scotland in the reign of Stephen, and once more, and this time finally, became English when Edward I caused it to be rebuilt after a terrible fire.

Poor Carlisle, always the cockpit of the debatable borderland dividing the two kingdoms, until the union came which made them one for all time. Surely more ravagings and burnings have taken place, more blood shed in Carlisle than in any other town of Great Britain.

Eve would have liked to go farther North to Gretna Green, at one time the Mecca of absconding lovers anxious to avail themselves of the more facile Scottish marriage laws; but the afternoon was wearing on, and we were due at Keswick before sunset.

So we left Carlisle by the Thursby-

Whitehaven road, making the turn to the left at Bothel, which leads to Lakeland.

At Kilnhill, we bore to the right and then to the left to gain the road which runs by the western bank of Bassenthwaite Water. Just at the bend of the road we came to Pell Wyke, and stopped the car so that we might climb to the hill top, on which are the remains of a British camp.

Eve credited these ancient Britons with an eye for the picturesque. Whilst not denying to them a desire for the beautiful, I felt it my duty to point out that the position was also an easily defended one against enemies! Then we got going again.

The beauty of that scene will remain one of the unforgettable experiences of our lives.

It was a clear afternoon in early spring, and Nature had painted her canvas in delicate colours. Behind us, away in Carlisle, were memories of carnage and war; here all was peacefulness and beauty. A sharp contrast in emotions, a study in the influence which scenery exerts upon human character. We slowed down the engine to a lazy crawl—anything above five miles an hour would have been a crime in that enchanted land. So we dawdled along drinking in the beauty.

Between the road and the lake was a fair foreground of flower-studded mead, all yellow and green with patches, here and there, of deeper shade, where the wild flowers made their presence known. Beyond that one caught the deep blue of the water, almost the colour of the Mediterranean, when the sun strikes it at midday. Then a belt of delicate green trees on the farther bank, and the background filled up with the mighty mass of Skiddaw towering to the full extent of its 3,054 feet. Often one has seen it with its topmost pinnacles cloaked by mist, but to-day it stands nearly clear, framed with the palest of blue sky. Only on its northern spur there rests a wisp of white cloud. One has known it to look stern and bleak, but to-day the westering sun has robed its rugged precipitous outlines with a mantle of deep purple flecked with mauve, making it soft, beneficent.

And so Eve and I came to Keswick, and the end of a perfect run.

M. H. P.



Bassenthwaite Water, with Skiddaw in the background.

## A QUARTETTE OF FAMOUS HOSTELRIES.

*Of Canterbury, such is its age, such is its fame, we do not say: "Are there any old taverns in this place?" but rather, "How many?" Echo answers "Four," any one of which would be insulted by the mere suggestion that it dated from, say, the First George. Bah! Of stronger fibre than that are Cantuar's aristocratic inns.*

**Y**OU would put many a score of miles on your speedometer before you found such a rich collection of old inns as Canterbury can proudly show. With 420 years, the Sun is a long way the baby of the lot; next ranges the Falstaff, just 100 years older, but still absurdly modern when we hear the serious claim of the Royal Fountain to a life of 900 years as an inn! Not to be outdone, the Fleur-de-Lis butts in second with 600 odd years.

In many another city and town the most immature of these four would indeed command a great respect. So, naturally, does it in Canterbury; but what chance has this modern when almost its next-door neighbour, the Fountain, says it is old enough to be its grandmother?

Yet, in saying that no tavern in the kingdom is as much as 800 years old, another writer has automatically disputed the latter's claim. But we shall see, and see that it may well stand.

They will tell you that the wife of the Earl of Godwin stayed there in 1029, thirty-seven years before the Conquest, if you please, when she journeyed to meet her husband on his return from Denmark; that Archbishop Lanfranc made it his temporary abode, pending the reconstruction of his palace, in 1070.

Even if we allow the denial of the claim that the Fountain was an inn in the earlier year, we cannot but brush it aside as baseless and unworthy when faced with the story of the later year of the same century—its very nature gives the lie to it. That alone gives us 850 years which, while we are more than a little justified in lumping on the other fifty, provides ample to be going on with.

Legend places the four knights who murdered Thomas à Becket in the cathedral in A.D. 1170 here, where 'tis said they rounded off the details of their grim plot.

And now something more cheerful.

It is this self-same Royal Fountain that can show you a testimonial it received 625 years ago! It came about in this wise.

For the marriage of Edward I to Margaret of France in the cathedral in 1299 a German ambassador came over, and made the hotel his headquarters. And this is what he said of it: "The inns in England are the best in Europe, those of Canterbury are the best in England, and the 'Fountain,' where I am now lodged as handsomely as I were in the king's palace, the best in Canterbury."

As some of the latter-day advertisers would say, "entirely unsolicited!" Surely no other tavern the country through can show the like of this.

Nevertheless, Canterbury would not be complete without its Falstaff, that venerable, inviting hostelry that, appropriately enough, stands, lower down the High Street, cheek by jowl with the massive, turreted, 14th century Westgate, sole survivor of six former Gates that once protected the city.

Its many-paned windows, over-

hanging upper storeys, quaint tiling, pointed roof, swinging sign and narrow entrance way are but a few of those virtues that qualify it for inclusion in any list of the first twenty taverns in the kingdom.

Of course, it was a well-known and historic posting inn; of course, it will show you its aged panelling, its trusty and well-beloved oaken beams; of course—but, there, it is what the Falstaff does not exude as the representative old English hostel that would be the easier recorded. Still may you rest o' nights at the Sir John Falstaff, and so re-live to the full the atmosphere of your predecessors.

Further east, and close to the Fountain and the Sun, and in the direction of the Dane John—an old city battlement—is the attractively named Fleur-de-Lis.

The story goes that Becket's butler came into the property after the murder of the archbishop: thus, beyond the claim to an existence as an inn of over 600 years, is established the presence here of some sort of building, used for some sort of purpose, as far back as the end of the 12th century. Parts of the present structure are 13th century—a magnificent window of this period overlooks the courtyard—and a portion of the main staircase is Tudor. Charles Dickens, a great lover of the old English inn, frequently stayed at the Fleur-de-Lis when on his periodic visits to the city.

There, then, is your quartette of appealing and homely caravanserais in classic Cantuar—610 years apiece is their venerable average!

This wonderful Canterbury is, of course, before all else, the story of the Rise of the English Church, its axis and its epitome. Such you may or may not know at first hand. In any case, you will delight in going into this corner of the "Garden of England" and stepping inside four of the grandest hostelries in England.



*Before refilling with fresh lubricant, make sure that the oil-plug has been replaced, otherwise—look at our picture!*

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FROM A LETTER WRITTEN TO *THE MOTOR* OF FEBRUARY 10th, 1925

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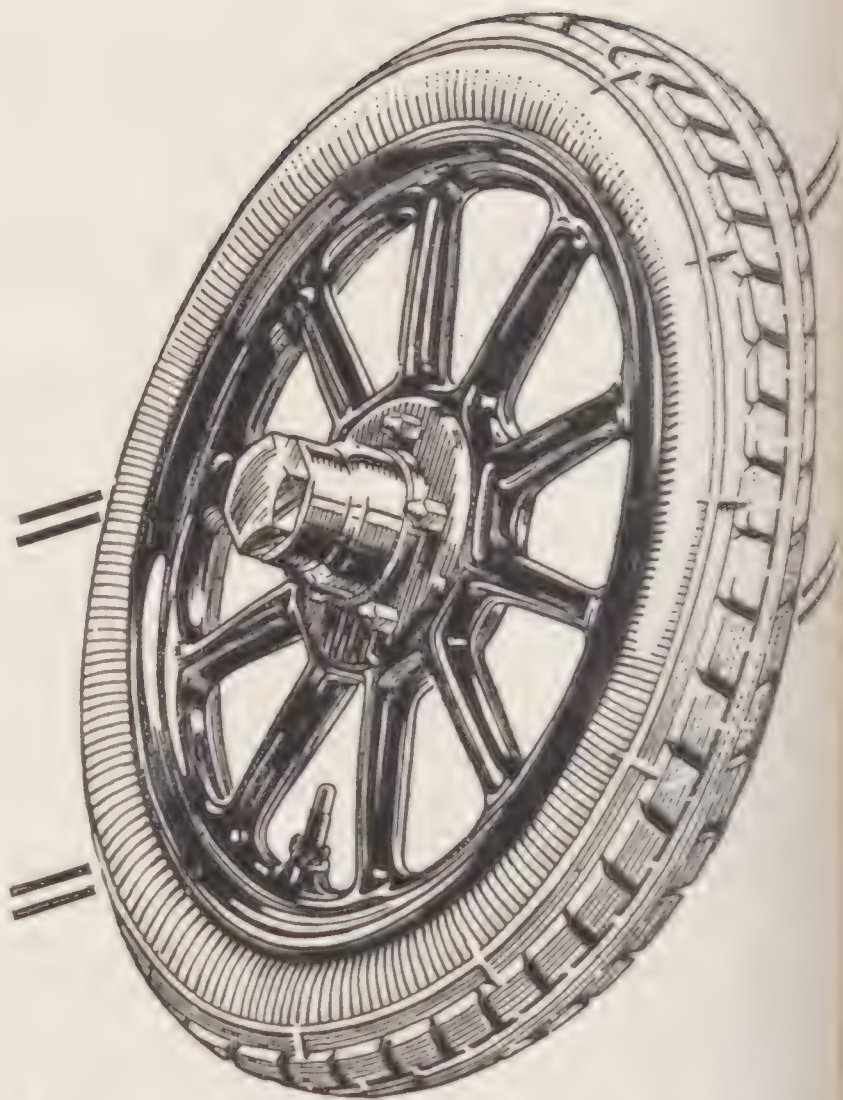
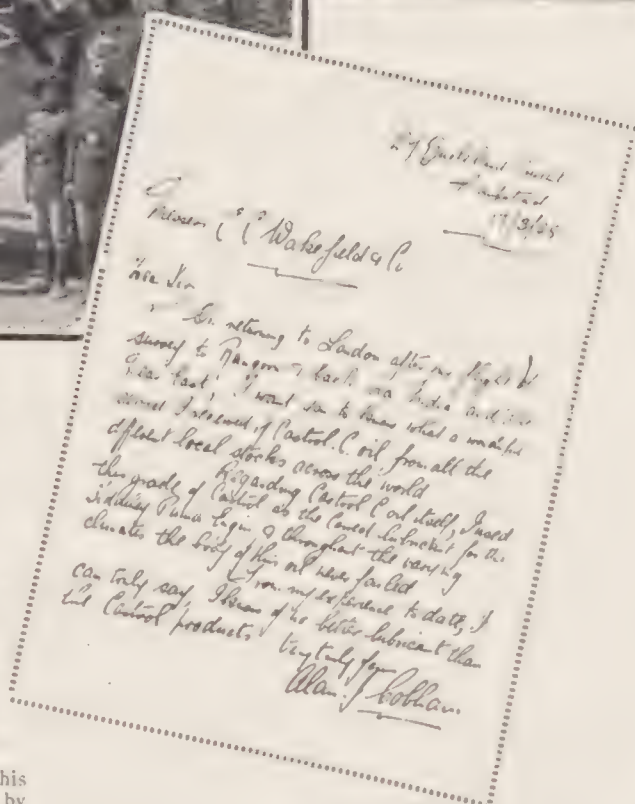




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WHO IS LIABLE?

# STORAGE AT OWNER'S RISK.

By a Barrister-at-Law.

*As motor-cars become more and more popular, and the motoring public increases, the garage proprietors throughout the country realise more and more the responsibility which a garage proprietor is under when he takes into his care an article of such value as a motor-car. And consequently the practice is extending, among the members of the trade, of evading wholly or in part their liability.*

THE motor owner who stores his car in a garage is in almost every case to-day requested to sign a ticket or form with numerous conditions which limit the liability of the garage keeper.

The same applies when cars are parked in an open field under the charge of a keeper. The liability of a keeper of a parking ground is in law the same as that of a garage keeper. Accordingly the two types of case can be considered here together.

It is generally well known that a storer of another person's car is not liable for inevitable and unforeseen accidents. So if an earthquake or storm destroys a garage, damaging the cars within, or rain damages cars left in an open field, no liability for the damage will fall upon the person in charge. He might, of course, have specially promised to saddle himself with all risks and become an "insurer" of the cars, but without such a promise he will not be liable for such accidents.

He will, however, be always liable for damage due to his failing to take reasonable care of the article stored. So damage caused by his negligence or that of his servants is always his. But he may even in this case limit his liability by special stipulation with his customer.

The habit is growing among garage keepers of getting customers to agree to store their cars entirely "at owner's risk." The effect of these three words is of great consequence to both storer and motor owner. At first sight it seems absurd that a storer should be paid to take care of a car and at the same time be under no responsibility if he fails to take care. Accordingly the effect of the words "at owner's risk" has been recently the subject of long legal argument, and the Court of Appeal in the latest case on the point decided in favour of the storer.

As has been pointed out above, the only liability which a storer is under is for the negligent acts of himself or his servants. For accidents outside

his control he never has responsibility unless he makes himself an insurer. Since, then, he has only one type of responsibility—that for accidents within his control—there is no doubt as to what liability is agreed to be avoided by the words "at owner's risk." These words are not put in the contract for nothing. They must affect the storer's responsibility in some way, and according to the Court of Appeal the only responsibility they can affect is the liability for negligence.

Accordingly the words "at owner's risk" will absolve the storer from any damage done to cars under his care and which arose out of negligence.

But contracting parties can only make contracts as to their rights as between themselves. A person can never make a bargain so as to limit the criminal liability of anyone. So a motor owner storing his car cannot make a valid promise not to prosecute the storer if the storer commits some criminal act such as stealing or

maliciously damaging the car. The right to prosecute is a right of the Crown, which no private agreement can alter. Consequently although "at owner's risk" will absolve a storer from claims for negligence, it will not avoid whatever criminal liability he may be under.

Now with a carrier of goods the case is somewhat different. A carrier is in the ordinary way an "insurer" of goods under his care. That is, he is responsible for pure accident, negligence, or the thefts of his servants. But he, like a storer, has no responsibility for inevitable accidents arising from natural causes—i.e., "Acts of God."

The fact that a carrier's liability is wider, and covers negligence as well as other causes of damage, renders the words "at owner's risk" capable of a different interpretation. The Court of Appeal have said that the words will only rid a carrier of his liability for inevitable accidents and the thefts of servants. He will therefore be left with the responsibility for negligence, and, this he must avoid by using express words which include risks of negligence.

The storer of cars is thus in a very advantageous position, and motor owners should assure themselves that their insurance policies cover risks of storage "at owner's risk."

The Courts have gone even farther in the interpretation of these words. In a case where an owner leaves his car for sale, and there are on the letter heading or other document embodying the agreement some such words as "cars driven entirely at owner's risk," these words will absolve the garage keeper from damage done to the car while being driven for the purposes of the contract (i.e., for demonstration with a view to sale) by a member of the driving staff.

If the car were being driven by someone who was not on the driving staff, or if the car were taken out for a joy-ride and not for demonstration, the words "at owner's risk" would not free the storer from liability.



Friday Street, a little-known Surrey beauty spot.

## MATTERS OF FEMININE MOMENT.

*April is, par excellence, the month for motoring holidays, not to mention honeymoons !*

MORE often than not it is Monsieur who owns the motor, so that it is quite feminine logic for Madame to dictate as to where she will go in it. Maps and mileage, therefore, become serious matters for conversation. Masculine ideas on these occasions almost inevitably run to golf, but if Madame's may include the "Royal and Ancient" game it is also essential to feminine ideas of a holiday that there shall be some interesting and new outlet for sartorial inspiration.

There is always the charm of countryside on a motor tour, but for actual sight-seeing it must be admitted that historic relics or monuments are generally of greater interest to men than women. Ancient buildings are dusty, rather depressing places to "Herself," and leave her cold.

"Why not think of something new, dear?" she may demand patiently. "Something for me, beside golf."

The unimaginative husband may well ask, "Well, what is of feminine interest, my dear?" but if he once begins to think about "something new" the question is surely answered, for if his memory is reliable at any rate, he will know that in the inspirations of Herself it is clothes that are for ever interesting and for ever new!

Why not a touring holiday that shall have sartorial matters as serious sight-seeing? In short, why not tour through the districts where hand-weaving is a fine art? It may be in France—in the country round Lyons; it may be through such tiny villages and old-world towns as those where Point d'Argentan is made by convent workers. If the holiday is brief it may take the travellers no farther than Warwickshire countryside, where hand-weaving of woollen materials for coats, skirts, hats and jumpers is a unique production of "ancient and modern" ideas.

In the world of dress to-day, since we must frankly admit that there is little change in the line from that of last season, we are giving an unpre-

cedented importance to the choice of materials.

With the approach of warmer days, silks, silk muslins and georgettes and crêpe de Chines demand immediate attention. Some of the silk muslins—which, by the way, have the added attraction of having been missing from our wardrobes for quite four or five years—are designed with plain borders in colour to match a flowered design. Some are just the reverse. There are also shaded colour schemes, with shadowy patterns of fruit or flowers in pastel shades. In the very expensive materials a pattern is arranged in panels, hand blocked in, and outlined in threads of metal. In heavier materials jaquarded patterns look well. Colours are the order of the day. Among the darker shades, Havana brown is delightful for any woman with a clear complexion, but the pastel blues, and greens, to say nothing of mauve, have great charm for summer days and daylight evenings.

For brides, the metal tissue allied to the more conventional ivory still keeps in favour, and perhaps in this direction a motor tour in France would serve to show the evolution of a wedding gown. To see the cottagers—who ally farming and weaving as a means of livelihood, weaving only when they cannot work on the land—patiently working at the metal tissues on hand-loom, or to visit the bright-eyed girls in the factories engaged on mechanical weaving of less expensive materials, is an artistic delight to any woman who has an appreciation of clothes.

Or, if her interests run in the direction of lace, and she may have trimmed her veil with so luxurious a kind as Point d'Argentan, she can see at the quiet little convent, hidden away in the drowsy old town of Argentan, the busy groups of demure workers, bent over a wedding veil, perhaps such a one as her own. It may surprise her that this delicate work will occupy the entire convent workers for several months. Small wonder,

therefore, that such a veil is indeed a luxury.

But if the motor trip is only a brief one, and golf is to be an important item in the holiday, then it is quite an amusing idea for Madame to insist on passing through such a picturesque weaving centre as Stratford-on-Avon. There she will probably see hand-weaving of another order, and perhaps acquire yet another new golfing outfit in the shape of a hand-woven coat and skirt. The coat will have, possibly, a design of natural wool woven into the groundwork of a new tomato shade. The skirt, plain or in two colours, may be completed with a fringe, and both will, if she is wise, be cut with absolute simplicity. Fascinating though this weaving is, and suggestive of the charm of the old Oriental carpet-making, one of its most attractive branches is the dyeing of the wool, frequently borrowed from the vegetable dyes of tradition in the East—madder, indigo and turmeric.

But even before the motor tour is embarked on there must be a number of dress etceteras acquired; the details upon the meticulous daintiness of which hangs the subtle difference between good and mediocre dressing. If we are devotees of tailor-made styles fashion decrees that we should have fresh linen waistcoats to wear with our long cloth coats. If, with the fine weather about, we are led to invest in cotton morning frocks, little handkerchief collars and cuffs must be knotted into points on our short sleeves and about the low-cut neck.

Three-piece dresses are of two colours, the dress in a brighter shade than the coat. Skirts are short and often tight, but there is no need to wear them excessively so to be in the fashion. Many are cut to flare a little at the back and sides, allowing freedom for walking. In the newest forms of drapery is to fold a length diagonally into pleats, like a table-napkin, and suspend it loose from the waist.

# THE FARE OF FASHION.



This attractive black and white check coatrock, a creation of Isobel, is ideal for motoring or other outdoor requirements.

# THE AUSTIN "TWELVE" — INDEED A MASTERPIECE

**L**ITTLE wonder that the Austin "Twelve" has a good reputation among the vast motoring community, although the uniformly good opinions of this car which have continually reached our ears from numerous sources seemed at first to be hardly credible for so medium powered a car; and we must confess that, in many instances, we considered them not a little eulogistic. We know better now, for we have recently put this popular family car through its paces—metaphorically speaking, a strenuous gauntlet flanked by ourselves! The result is that another praiseworthy opinion of this model (that of our own) is added to the already lengthy list. It is indeed a masterpiece!

Before proceeding with the item of Performance, it might be as well to give in brief the main points of its design and construction. Rated at 12.8 h.p., the engine has four cylinders of 72 mm. bore and 102 mm. stroke, detachable cylinder head; side valves; aluminium pistons, and at 2,000 r.p.m. it develops 20 b.h.p. Lubrication is by gear pump and oil filter; chassis lubrication by grease-gun; water cooling by fan and pump; magneto ignition and vacuum fuel feed, from the main 8-gallon tank which is housed beneath the driving seats. To this there is a dial gauge registering the quantity of fuel therein, while all



*Depicting the smart and fully equipped instrument board and the comfortable driving compartment. Note the two small parcels recesses.*

important details throughout the chassis are easily accessible. The gear-box has four speeds forward and a reverse; the clutch is of the single-plate type; and there are brakes to all four wheels, while the handbrake

lever applies shoes directly to a fifth drum, mounted immediately behind the gear box. Chassis suspension is very delightful—road springs being semi-elliptic; those at the rear are underslung and of exceptional length, while shock absorbers are fitted at both front and rear.

Our trial—London, Hatfield, St. Albans, Tring, Whiteleaf Hill, Guildford, Dorking, Box Hill, and thence back to London (including many little-known spots off the beaten track), provided all the tests from which to gather performance figures and facts. Whiteleaf Hill (with a full heavy load) was mastered in quick time by lowering to "second," while Box Hill was easily surmounted on "third" with a quick change to and from "second" on the hairpin corners. For speed, we exceeded the maker's estimate of 50 m.p.h. by exactly seven miles per hour—57 m.p.h., following which the efficient four-wheel brakes brought the car to a standstill in a very short space of time. Road shocks were almost unfelt even on horribly rough surfaces, so that the Austin degree of comfort is considerably in advance of the average.

At the price of £335, with ample power, high speed, comfort and safety, it constitutes a proposition of more than normal attraction, and fully deserves our ready endorsement of the generous praise accorded to it.



*The rear passenger wind screen when not required is carried neatly folded behind the front seats, as illustrated above; while—*



*— in five seconds, with the aid of an efficient vacuum spring device it can be erected—so!—and full protection is then assured.*



*Here is shown the sturdy luggage grid and the method of carrying the spare wheel. Note also the exceptionally neat hood*

THE AUSTIN "TWELVE" AT KNEBWORTH.



*Few cars of its class share the excellent reputation gained by the Austin "Twelve"—proved goodly attributes of comfort, efficiency and service.*

# THE MOTORIST IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

By E. W. T. Slater.

*A Visit to some Mysore Temples by Motor.*

THOSE who have been privileged to visit the Mysore State in South India will speak in the highest terms of the many interesting places they have been able to visit by motor, though they may not be so loud in their praise of the roads.

Though our main objective was the Chalukyan temples of Belur and Halebid, we could not miss some of the smaller temples on the road, for though many of these are now in a somewhat neglected condition, they all bear marks of fine craftsmanship. After a night in the 'Travellers' bungalow in Hassan, we decided to make our first inspection of a temple, some fifteen miles on the Belur road. We hardly dared pronounce the name, and when we did the villagers looked dumb-founded. At last we got somewhere near it, and their faces lit up with understanding. Doddagaddavalli was the name. There is a temple here, but few visitors ever go to see it.

The distance proved to be greater than we had been led to expect, but the little temple is a gem in many respects. Built in 1113 A.D. it is in good state of preservation, and it has this distinction. It is the only one of this style in the State which has four cells. An account of this small building has been written by the Director of Archaeology in the Mysore State, and the series of pictures and plans helped us to follow the main features of it with ease.

My friend is a lover of everything that is anything near a thousand years old, and my repeated gentle hints that the day was far spent seemed to have little effect upon him. At length, however, he was persuaded to see the wisdom of being content with the pictures he had taken, and of further prosecuting his enquiries in the confines of his hobby. We had to get to Belur, and that before nightfall! The run, as expected, proved most pleasant, for it takes a good deal to beat an evening run in this district. In the distance we could see the Bababudan Hills, and other ranges,

while away to the left were great stretches of jungle.

We stayed the night at the Rest House, and apart from the fact that we wished a rule existed granting travellers permission to shoot all donkeys that set up band music in the silent hours of the night, it proved very comfortable indeed.

In the early morning we went to the temple. Hitherto we had just rambled where we liked, and nothing was said. But as soon as we appeared at the temple gate we were informed that our shoes must be removed, and that even this would permit us only to see the exterior of the temple.

It is said that the interior is finer than the exterior. That may be, for we are not in a position to dispute it, but I would say it is well worth the journey to see the exterior. What a wealth of carving! No wonder Fergusson was impressed and said, of some sections, that more human labour had been put into the work there than on any other equal surface in the world. From end to end, from top to bottom, the rich carving can be seen, and yet in front of this superb piece of workmanship is a high gopura made of brick and stucco. Belur temple must always remain a precious possession of the State.

Of course, we were not allowed to leave without being presented with an opportunity of showing our appreciation in a solid way. Inwardly we wished the gift, small though it may have been, had gone to a fund for preserving the old structure rather than into the hands of priests of the temple.

Next we turned toward Halebid, an even more famous temple. It is only a ten miles journey, so the distance was very quickly covered. What a little is left of that once capital of a great kingdom, yet that little contains a number of temples of which any State may well be proud. It seems strange that but a few years ago these temples were in so dilapidated a condition that at least one of them was all but destroyed. No one can say the

Government of Mysore is not alive to its responsibilities now, for the three temples are now in an excellent state of preservation. The little rest-house is situated in an ideal spot, not far from the temple, and from its verandah one gets a splendid view of the lake. We had planned to make a lengthened stay here in the hope of combining a little sport with our archaeological pursuits. We managed to find a place in the car for our guns, and after devoting a couple of hours in the afternoon to the larger temple, the Hoysaleswara, we spent the evening wandering round the big tank. There was a good deal of wild life, and we were successful in bringing down a few ducks. Here we were faced with a difficulty—that of how to get them out of the water. Fortunately we had some "hangers on," and they gladly, for a consideration, swam out and brought in what we found especially welcome at dinner time.

The evening lights were very beautiful, and it is not easy to forget the delight of sitting quietly for an hour as the sun was setting over the tank.

With an early rise the next morning we set out for the more distant temple, some half a mile away from the larger one. To-day it stands in a good state of preservation, but we gathered that some years ago a great tree had grown in the vimana and all but completely pushed over the building. The stones, as far as possible, have been collected, and the structure rebuilt. That little Kedareswara is a gem of a temple, and we were glad to see so much as still exists.

Then on to the Jain temple with the fine black pillars and the huge images of black stone inside.

The priest will gladly bring a little water, and throw on the pillars in order that you may see many curious reflections of yourself, "all the work of the magical deity in the pillars." We had still time for another look at the large temple, and my friend wanted to complete his pictures, for some can only be taken in the morning light.

## VISITING MYSORE TEMPLES.



*Above—*

The bewildering wealth of carving on the Belur temple.

*Left—*

The famous statue of Gomateswara, on the sacred hill of Sravanbelgola.

*Right—*

From end to end, from bottom to top, rich carvings can be seen on Belur temple.



## MOTORING FROM BOULDER TO BUMP.

This is a wonderful temple, and I think to be preferred for most things to Belur. The carving is well executed, and there are several corners which would be most difficult to beat anywhere. What a wealth of labour has been spent on this building. There is much repetition, but one always expects that in Indian temples. The conceptions are very weird, for the most part, and perhaps not the kind of thing you would care to have continually on view in a public place. But the workmanship is there. The two great stone bulls are very benign. Yet who are those vulgar persons who have thought fit to carve their initials on the hind part of one of these huge docile creatures? Yea, someone, a no mean artist, has carved out the figure of a sportsman in the same place. But I cannot dwell on the many interesting features of the

temples here, for, after all, my readers are probably more interested in motoring than in archæology.

We had breakfast in the bungalow and then set out to see several smaller temples. The first place was Belvadi, some ten miles or so from Halebid. The building is of the same style of architecture as the others, and is a good piece of work. We had not much time to stay, for we wanted to see another village temple of which we had heard. We left Belvadi and motored—did I say motored?—for my recollections of that road are that we jumped from boulder to boulder. Yet there was a road and it ought to be a good one. Other small temples were visited, all full of interest to the lover of architecture. We had left a day for a visit to what is perhaps one of the most wonderful structures in India, the famous statue of Gomate-

swara, on the sacred hill of Sravanbelgola. It means a stiff climb to reach the summit, but it is more than worth it. There stands this colossal image, carved out of the solid rock over a thousand years ago, and looking as if it had been done only a few years back. It is 57 feet high, and is surrounded by a courtyard, with temples on two sides. Who can fail to be impressed by such a monument of man's skill and devotion? The temples we have visited are remarkable for their wonderful detail; this stands out as something massive. But it would require an article of itself to describe the many features of interest here. Suffice to say that any one favoured with a similar opportunity to that my friend and I enjoyed, to visit the historic temples of Mysore, should be sure to include this in the motoring tour.



Reconnoitring at 7,000 feet. Note the crumbling edge of the road.

## A READER'S THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

*A*FTER rounding seven "hairpins" we crossed the rickety Pont de Bérard at an altitude of 6,049 feet, and, after passing through a wood, reached the Pont du Parpaillon. Thenceforward, the road wound up a bare mountain-side, down which stones are free to fall without interruption. From the second stonefall onwards, its condition was almost indescribable. We continued the ascent, however—indeed, we could not have turned back had we wanted to—and at a point nearer eight thousand feet than seven, we came upon the third *éboulement*, on which a gang were already at work.

The road men worked splendidly, and we lent a hand in picking out the larger stones and hurling them over the precipice; there was nothing below to be hit. When the third obstruction was more or less cleared and some semblance of a level bed made by pick and spade, we drove over it—perilously, as it proved, for the earth gave way under the offside driving wheel on the extreme edge, the car gave a great lurch, and was within an ace of toppling over. Two of us were on the car, and the other two who saw the lurch, which we only felt, told us that they had given us up for lost.

There was still another mile of steep climb to the summit, and the road looked so nasty that I walked ahead to see if there were any more indentations. Then we wormed our way through the doubtful opening, watching every wheel in turn; it was a matter of inches, or even less, with the possibility of the earth giving way on one side, or the wheels hitting boulders on the other.

To cut a long story short, I may say that we got through without disaster, though I shall not forget that last mile in a hurry.

C. L. FREESTON.



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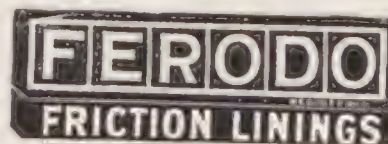


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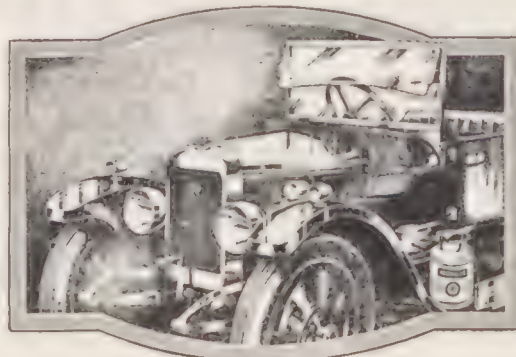
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# THE WORLD TODAY

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# OTTERHUNTING AND THE CAR.

By Kenneth Dawson.

*Otterhunting is a sport of very great antiquity. King John was a M.O.H. and in the reign of Edward II one Twici was huntsman of the Royal Otterhounds. Other monarchs who patronised the sport were King Henry VIII, Queen Elizabeth and James I, all of whom kept packs of otterhounds.*

SUMMER, as a rule, is a dull time for the hunting enthusiast. The horses are out to grass, and the stables have been spring cleaned in readiness for the autumn. For the super-thruster and "cut-em-down-captain," whose one idea in hunting is a steeplechase-like gallop, and who vastly prefers a fast burst with the "drag" to a slow hunt after "Charlie," there is nothing for it but the milder joys of golf and tennis.

But for the person who ordinarily rides to hunt—in contrast with the former, who admittedly hunts to ride and who likes nothing better than to watch good hound work, and to see the pack unaided puzzle out a twisty line, otterhunting will appeal with considerable force, and conveniently fill in the time when fox, stag or hare are unhuntable.

Otterhunting in the days of Parson Jack Russel, the Hon. Geoffery Hill, and other famous Masters of a past generation, was an affair for the few.

Meets were usually at day-break, and as in those times the motor was not available, only persons living in the vicinity could follow. To-day, however, otterhunting is a very popular sport. As the majority of the packs are dependent on subscriptions for their upkeep the meets are arranged, as far as possible, to fit in with the local train service. But many of the fixtures are necessarily at inaccessible parts of the country served by no railway within reasonable distance, and there is no class of sportsman to whom the possession of a car is a greater boon than the enthusiastic otterhunter.

By its aid the sport is rendered easy. One may reach meets which otherwise would have had to be missed, and the greatest boon of all is the elimination of the long,

long trail home, perhaps ten or a dozen miles, after a hard day. Few otterhunters there are who have not experienced such an ending, which turned pleasure into toil, and found one at the day's end too tired to have reaped any benefit from the day.

Much of the most beautiful scenery in our country lies along the many streams which water the land. It may be some deep, sluggish river running through the fat cornlands and beautiful woods of East Anglia. A boisterous, cascaded torrent shut in a wild Welsh valley with precipitous sides; or a stream far away in the bosom of Dartmoor, with nothing but the gorse and heather, and granite littered tors on either hand; where the only signs of human habitation are the ruined hut circles and remains of Neolithic man, who pastured his flocks and herds on the land when the world was young.

Otterhunting has this big advantage, one may take it seriously or

not, just as one pleases. Paterfamilias may be as keen as mustard on the sport, and the women members of the family be but moderately enthusiastic, and yet both can enjoy the day.

For the motor owner who has a chauffeur the best use of the car is a simple matter, for it can be detailed to meet him at any desired spot. But for the owner driver the problem is a little more difficult. If the motor is left at the meet, and hounds draw on all day without finding, the end may see him miles away from the car.

The best course for such persons is first of all to find out whether the draw is to be up or down stream, and then to work out a plan of campaign with the aid of the map. It is usually possible to find a road which, even if it does not actually cross the river, approaches close to it at some point,

But do not hasten too quickly. Go a mile with the pack first, for if a drag is hit off soon after beginning the Master will be sure to "make good" in the opposite direction to that in which he proposes to draw. Thus, if the intention is to head up stream, and hounds "open" near the meet, he will, without doubt, try down the river for a mile or two to make sure that the otter has not gone in that direction overnight.

Maybe this has actually happened; the drag grows hotter and hotter, and eventually hounds "put down" their quarry some distance below the meet, whilst the too hasty motorist is waiting in vain several miles away in the opposite direction. If there is no opening chorus from the pack within a mile of moving off one is pretty safe in getting away,

A halt for lunch, made at some convenient point, and the outing really is a delightful picnic amidst beautiful country.



1. The Car at the Meet.  
2. The Hunt in full swing.

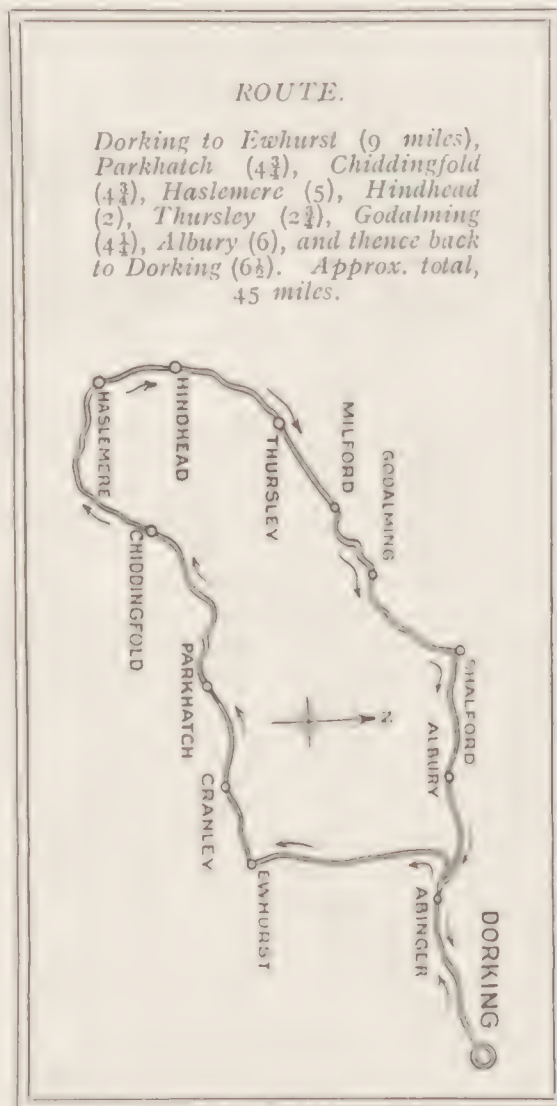
# A CHARMING MOTOR RUN THROUGH SURREY.

OUR chosen route out of Dorking to Ewhurst takes one first to Abinger, and then a little across country southward to the fork in the road near Forest Green House, where one gets into the region of old-time smugglers and smuggling affrays. Under the shadow of Holmbury Hill stands a cottage of which the cellars run back right into the hill; in former times these were a noted smuggler's hiding place. And not many years ago a seaman's cutlass was found in a field hard by, probably dropped in a fight with the Preventive men in King George III's time.

The road takes a westward turn near Forest Green House, and then a left hand turn takes one into Ewhurst. The country is delightful hereabouts. The little village is still behind the age. One writer called it, a quarter of a century or so ago, a "one horse place." It is a village that Maria Edgeworth would have loved; and, picturesque and peaceful, is charming still to come across. Hard by, to the north of Ewhurst, is the lofty Coneyhurst Hill, 844 ft. in height, or only 50 ft. less in altitude than Hindhead. It is covered with heather and bilberries, and from the summit a magnificent prospect is obtained. But the climbing needs time, and almost a compass, so thick are the woods upon its slopes.

Cranleigh, west of Ewhurst, has a railway station. This has served to ensure some growth and building operations. Alas! of late years the pleasant fields and woods have been "developed." But in the centre of the village there is still the touch of the picturesque. The church is cruciform, and in it the manors of Knowle and Vachery have chapels. The Knowle one is cut off from the church by a very fine fifteenth century screen. But the real beauty of Cranleigh Church is the sense it imparts of breadth and light, the noble Norman pillars contributing to the air of solidity and peace of the interior.

South of Cranleigh, a mile or so, is Vachery Pond, beloved of and known to most anglers. It is a superb sheet of water nearly a mile in length, and is full of trout. South-east of it, half a mile or less, set in a fine park, is Baynards, one of the great historic Surrey houses, dating from Tudor times. Once the home of Margaret Roper, the daughter of Sir Thomas More, it has a ghost. Tradition has it



The Old Crown Inn at Chiddingfold is known to all who have explored the Hindhead district. Five centuries old, it still stands to welcome travellers.

that Margaret, after her father's execution, brought the head to Baynards. North-east of the park there runs an old Roman road, which, nowadays scarcely traceable, cuts the road from Cranleigh near Ewhurst.

What may be called the "Fold country," because of the many villages which have the word as an affix, is the wild garden, as it were, of the Surrey weald. There are many delightful villages and hamlets in it.

From Cranleigh our road runs westward across country by little known beauty spots to Parkhatch, and along shady lanes to Chiddingfold, which lies on the Sussex border. It is a delightful village, compactly grouped around its green, with its red-roofed, peaceful-looking cottages pleasant to the eye, as are their gardens full of homely and sweet-scented flowers in summer time. At midsummer Chiddingfold leaves an impression on the mind of red brick cottages and Madonna lilies in gleaming white profusion.

The ancient inn, which stands on a slight rise above the road level with its sign—a Crown—upon a post in front of it, claims to be five centuries old. In the coffee room, there is (or was) the copy of a deed dated March 22nd, 1383, by which one Peter Pokeford gave and granted to Richard Godfayre *inter alia* a small house, possibly the inn, for a yearly rent of four shillings. The inn is a pleasant old place with enormous hearth, a fine open hearth, and rooms that have the charm that comes with age.

Southward for a couple of miles or so, through delightful country, and then one turns westward to Haslemere, which claims to be the highest town in the South of England. Modern Haslemere has strayed up the slope above the old town. The latter centres round a broad street in which the White Horse Inn faces the Swan with the little Town Hall between them. There are some good seventeenth century houses, which gives the town character and picturesqueness, some of them with tall chimneys, and the walls of many gardens are overgrown with toadflax and arabis. The Museum is far more interesting than are usually such country "shows." It has an interesting interior, and contains much that is of value regarding the town and district round about.

The church stands a little apart from the town itself, and is chiefly

# QUAINT RELICS OF A LONG PAST AGE.

notable for the fine Burne-Jones window erected as a memorial to Tennyson, who lived not far away, at Aldworth, on Black Down, just over the Sussex border. In the churchyard is a simple, heather-covered mound which marks the grave of John Tyndall, one of the discoverers of Hindhead as a spot at which to live.

To the west of Haslemere, and, in fact, joining it, is Shottermill, famous for its series of fish ponds on the hill-side, in which are bred thousands of trout annually for transportation to other streams. Near the church is the pretty Brookbank Cottage, where George Eliot lived for some time, and where she wrote much of *Middlemarch*.

One goes uphill after Shottermill to Hindhead. One does not approach Hindhead, alas! best from the main road usually taken. But one would have had to reverse one's route to see the little town from the best viewpoint, which is along the old Portsmouth road from Thursley. There are people who knew Hindhead years ago, when Professor Tyndall said it was the next best spot of earth to Bel Alp.

It is true that to know Hindhead and its beauty one must live—or at least stay awhile—there. It is given to few lucky folk to be sure of getting all the beautiful and unrivalled views on a mere flying visit in a car. We have found it clear to the north when misty in the south, and *vice versa*;

and so one has generally to be content with a wonderful slice, and not the whole, of Hindhead's panoramic beauties. From Gibbet Hill, at over 800 ft. above sea level, one gets a magnificent prospect and finds a grassy disc on which are marked the directions and distances of many towns and viewpoints. It is an admirable idea. From the hill, too, one gets a fine view of the Devil's Punch Bowl.

One takes the old Portsmouth road northwards to Thursley. The name has, we are told, come down to us from the Danes, for Thor's ley means Thor's field. Thor bulks large in the district, and the three queer-looking conical hills two miles

or so west of Thursley are known as the Devil's Jumps.

Thursley is beautiful, and its church, famous for its timber tower and steeple, rising from the centre of the nave; its great beamed interior; and the grave of the murdered sailor man—whose three murderers were hung in chains a century and a half ago on Gibbet Hill—in the peaceful churchyard.

The road takes one on to Milford, where four cross roads meet in the centre of the village, which has a few picturesque cottages and little more of note.

To Godalming is north-eastward along a good and pleasant road, but one overcrowded on Saturdays. Godalming is as anciently described, "a delectable and pretty town, bearing its age well, and bustling at times." It has still several buildings of distinction, some old inns, and timbered houses, and picturesque courts hidden away from the casual view, but interesting to discover. The White Hart Inn is famous with its jutting wooden beams, which protrude over the pavement; and the King's Head has actually entertained in bygone times real kings, among them Peter the Great in Queen Anne's reign. The High Street wants the paint scraping off its buildings to make it rival that of Guildford. The fine timbered house in the Market place should not be missed. Godalming in ancient times saw much traffic from

being on the old Portsmouth road. To it came admirals and midshipmen on their way to rejoin their ships, rich merchants to and from the East Indies, and the miserable convicts in chained batches bound for Botany Bay.

On the outskirts of Godalming stands Charterhouse on a hill, to which spot was removed half a century ago the ancient foundation which stood in Aldersgate. Although a modern home, around it hang memories of many great Charterhouse men, Addison, Steele, Thackeray, amongst them. Those who knew the ancient building, which stood within the sound of Bow Bells, will wish the new one the mellowness of age. No one doubts that it is destined to gather around it tradition, and that many a boy yet will add to its golden roll of fame.

Upwards and onwards northward to Shalford goes our road, and from Farncombe Down one gets, in a backward glance, a charming picture of Godalming, with the churchyard near the Wey, the lofty leaded spire, the red roofs in between the trees, and the green fields and woods surrounding the little town.

Shalford possesses an old mill, stocks, and many a pretty cottage; the church standing picturesquely at the end of the village street. The common is open and breezy, and there is a tradition that John Bunyan lived in a cottage at Horn Hatch upon it. His *Pilgrim's Progress* is said to have been suggested to him by the people he saw pass along the Pilgrim's Way; and Vanity Fair to be that held in a meadow, almost from time immemorial, between Shalford and Guildford.

There is a pretty bit of road, with peeps of the little river, to Albury, which might claim distinction on account of its chimneys; they are so tall and graceful. The Tillingbourne lends charm to the village, on the outskirts of which is Albury Park, with beautiful gardens.

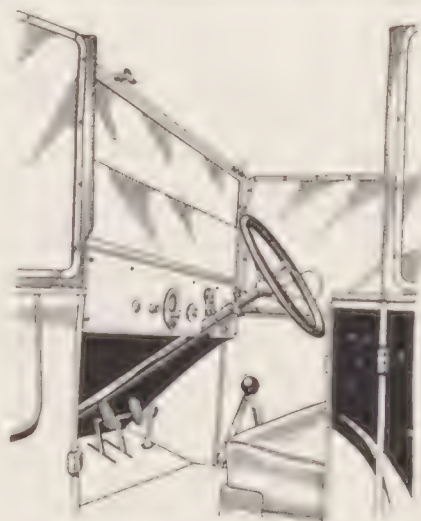
One reaches Dorking again by way of Abinger and Wotton.



A link with the past. These old stocks, at Shalford, are alone worth a visit, but the surrounding district has many additional attractions to offer.

## THE VULCAN "TWELVE" — STURDILY BUILT.

*With ample leg room, deep bucket seats and well designed positions of the controls—comfortable driving is always assured. Our*



*picture gives the reader a more clear idea of the efficient protection qualities of the all-weather side curtains and windscreen.*

**A**UTOMOBILES, in a sense, are like human beings. Each and every one possesses exclusive characteristics, something of outstanding merit—a fact which we have proved again and again by first hand experience with cars of all makes and types. It may either be appearance, comfort, economy, power, etc.; nevertheless each car excels above most others in its own class in one or the other direction. And one of the most prominent features of the Vulcan Twelve, which truly shadows many cars of this type, is its sturdy construction; and, consequent thereupon, its lasting good quality.

With an exceptionally powerful and flexible engine—rated at 11.9 h.p.—good average speeds can always be obtained, while with four speeds available, the steepest gradient presents no difficulty, even with a full complement of passengers.

Although a little stiff on the model we tried, the clutch is generally light, thus ensuring easy gear-changing. Steering is another good feature; and, by reason of the excellent suspension system and balloon tyres fitted, Vulcan riding comfort proved most delightful. Moreover, this all-important item is further improved by the possibility of adjusting the driving seat, independent as it is, to individual requirements, while in addition the all-weather equipment provides efficient protection in all climatic conditions.

During our trial the Vulcan Twelve proved a fast car, when speed was called for; docile in traffic and generally good "on top"; economical to run; and in the matter of outward appearance it presents, in our opinion, a happy combination of beauty and strength. So that, considering all things, it is an excellent family car, ideally suitable for the motorist of



*To permit of easy access to the rear passenger seats, the back squab of the front seats folds forward—as depicted. Side curtains open with the doors—a further good feature.*

moderate means. The price is certainly low—£295—and this vital factor includes what every car owner mostly desires, efficient service after purchase!



*Tools and spares may be carried in a specially constructed compartment beneath the rear passengers' seats. There are useful pockets to all doors wherein to carry odd impedimenta.*

"THE BIRCH, MOST SHY AND LADYLIKE OF TREES."—J. R. LOWELL.



*And the 12 h.p. Vulcan, most pleasing and easily handled of cars—a very happy picture illustrating this delightful combination.*

## THE ENTON FLY FISHERS' CLUB.

*Where can a man find to-day, near London, any really good trout fishing?*

IMPROVEMENTS in modern cars cannot be said to have gone everywhere side by side with improved opportunities of fishing. The motor car has opened up districts hitherto only with difficulty accessible, but with changes brought by the car have come alterations in the structure of the roads. One of the problems with which the modern road maker has been faced is the harmless disposal of the surface washings, and before he learnt his lesson English trout streams suffered considerably by pollution from tar. But tarred roads have not been the only difficulty. Buildings, factories, the clutch of the town on the country, increase of population, increase in the number of those who fish—these are the real reasons why good fishing of late years has been so hard to come by. You may sum up modern changes at a glance by looking out of a carriage window on the Southern Railway in the neighbourhood of Clapham Junction and realising that there, on the banks of the Wandle, a hundred and twenty years ago, Nelson roamed with a trout rod.

And where to-day, near London, can a man find trout fishing? Where, on river or lake, can anyone who has spent a busy day in London hope to throw a fly on a summer evening with any chance of a fish? These are questions which were asked some ten or twelve years ago by a few enthusiastic anglers who allowed no obstacle to stand in their way until they had found, or rather had made, an answer. They sought long before they found what they were looking for—a stretch of ground with a non-porous subsoil which could be flooded by a stream of clean water, free from possibilities of pollution, and carrying natural food for trout; but they found it at last in some low-lying meadows watered by a tributary of the Surrey river Wey. They constructed dams and sluices, ran the water of their stream into four lakes, stocked the lakes with trout, and invited members to join

a fishing club with possibilities in the future comparable to those of the famous Blagdon Lake near Bristol. This is the Enton Fishery, seven minutes' walk from Milford railway station, and lying in fields adjoining the links of the West Surrey Golf Club.

And there the lakes lie to-day, where a dozen years ago the Surrey farmers looked at pasture and stream; wide stretches of water set in the heart of the Surrey hills, where the heather and pine country runs down to the oaks and the primroses of the Weald. There are altogether four lakes, two on each side of the railway line. On the west side there are the Upper and the Lower Lakes of 10 and 8 acres respectively; and on the east side the Large Lake of 25 acres and the Little Lake of 1½ acres; and these have been re-stocked every season since the Club waters were opened. In the first year, 1912-13, there were placed in the Upper Lake 1,700 brown and 800 rainbow trout; in the Lower Lake 900 brown trout and 1,266 rainbow; and in the Large Lake 4,017 brown trout and 1,000 rainbow; total for the three lakes, nearly 9,700. Besides these, the small lake was stocked with 1,000 yearlings, from spawn taken from brown trout from Lough Corrib.

Since 1913 the lakes have been restocked yearly, with ample allowance for the fish caught and for casualties such as those caused by herons and other waterfowl. It was found at first that rainbow trout did not give all the results hoped for, and so for some years stocking with these was discontinued, and brown trout were substituted. In view, however, of the good sport they afford, about 400 were put in last season, distributed over all the lakes. In 1924 the numbers of fish placed in the three larger lakes amounted to 2,000. From the Hatcheries there were placed in the Large Lake about 1,000 11/14 in. brown trout and rainbows, and about 500 brown trout and rainbows have been placed in each of the other lakes, the Upper and Lower. Further, a

most interesting addition to the facilities for restocking has been made. The proprietors of the club have made suitable arrangements with certain lessees of the River Test, whereby two-year-old and yearling trout are put into stews and transferred when ready, direct to the fishery.

As regards catches in different seasons, the largest number taken in any year was in 1913, when 1,906 fish, weighing 1,312 lb., or an average of 11 oz., were basketed; but since then the average weight has been higher, and in twelve seasons, 1911-1924, no fewer than 15,688 trout, averaging between 12 and 13 oz., with the largest recorded weight 3 lb. 3 oz., have been entered in the Club Register. The finish of the season which ended on October 1st, 1924, was most successful, the total catch being 1,661 fish weighing 1,311 lb., 2½ oz.

To stay in the neighbourhood and to fish the lakes with the best of wind and weather is no doubt the ideal thing to do; and there is plenty of good lodging to be had near, from the hotels of Godalming to the charming old White Hart in the village of Witley, with a chimney corner long known as "George Eliot," and opposite the inn a thirteenth century church. Close to the Lakes, too, is the club house of the West Surrey Golf Club, where for a yearly subscription of two guineas members of the Enton Club can get meals and, with sufficient notice, a bedroom. The subscription to the Enton Club itself is 35 guineas, (wives of members 17½ guineas), and particulars can be had from the Secretary, Mr. O. H. Dolley, 2, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3. (Telephone: Avenue 4052). But the best introduction to the Club perhaps would be a visit to the neighbourhood itself—Milford station being just over an hour from Waterloo—and the time which might be recommended to a business man wearied with the city would be, in any trouting month of the year, the hour of the evening rise.

# ON A SPANISH COAST ROAD.



*Guetaria, a small fishing port on the Basque Coast, was the birthplace of Del Cano, the first circumnavigator, and stands high on a precipitous ridge of rock.*

## FROM A MOTORIST'S NOTEBOOK.

SPANISH seamen, in the past have added much to the maritime glory of Spain—is it not just a little over 400 years ago that Juan Sebastian del Cano proved practically for the first time that the world is round? Have you heard the story? No! Then here it is. Juan, in a little ship of 100 tons, the *Victoria*, set out with an expedition, fitted out by Magellan in 1519, which consisted of five vessels and about 240 men. Magellan was killed by the natives of the Philippines in the course of the voyage, and Juan's ship, with a small crew of 18 men, was the only vessel to return.

The birthplace of Del Cano was Guetaria, a small fishing port on the Basque coast, not



*This house, once occupied by Victor Hugo when in exile, contained until quite recently a museum of souvenirs. Now, however, it is decayed and neglected.*

far to the westward of San Sebastian. A dozen or so small fishing ports lie between San Sebastian and Bilbao, and the road that connects them skirts a coast with aspects of interest for artist, geologist, naturalist or antiquarian, whether they travel afoot or by cycle, or by horse, motor-car, or auto-bus.

Apart from its historical association, Guetaria possessed quite a distinct character in its very picturesque situation. It occupies a rocky spur, to which is attached by the narrowest neck a precipitous height called the Island of San Anton. The sheltered water between San Anton and the town has been further protected by stone quays of recent construction, forming a small harbour for the fishing boats, well protected from the south-west gales.

The fact that the distance between San Sebastian and Bilbao can easily be covered in a day by motor-car probably explains why most of these little ports still retain their most primitive conditions as to lodgment and accommodation.

From San Sebastian to Bilbao is less than 45 kilometres in direct line. This is considerably lengthened by following the coast all the way. The alter-

native is to strike inland at Deva or at Bermeo. But it is worth while to stick to the coast. In some spots the road has been constructed close to the sea-level, close enough to get washed down in heavy weather. In places it rises high up on the cliff sides, plunging up a ravine to cross it by a hairpin bend. There are many places where the road skirts a precipitous slope with no protection at the edge. Unless in search of sensation one might be well advised to make the journey from west to east. This gives the inside position, on the right, when meeting other vehicles.

There is no great amount of traffic.

Lequeito is one of the striking places on this section. It is dominated by a steep hill, on the summit of which stand three wooden crosses.

The best natural harbour along this coast is Pasajes. This has made it more important as a commercial than as a fishing port. In the fishing quarter, which remains quite distinct from the commercial quarter, is a house which was for some time occupied by Victor Hugo, at one time preserved with some veneration, but now very neglected. Generally speaking, there is plenty of interest the touring motorist in Spain.



*Lequeito. A beautiful panoramic view of the harbour seen from the Calvary.*

## BROADCASTING BUSINESS BREVITIES.

### Prices Reduced.

The prices of the respective models of the 10-15 h.p. Windsor car have now been reduced to the following figures:—Two-seater, £320; four-seater, £335; three-quarter coupé *de luxe*, £465; and the saloon, £465.

### New Car Owners.

Among recent purchasers of Crossley cars are Mr. W. H. James, President of National Roads Association of Australia, who has just commenced a tour of that country in connection with his Association work. Mr. James's choice is a 14 h.p. touring car. A second recent purchaser is Mr. W. R. Jarvis, the King's trainer, of Newmarket, who has acquired a 14 h.p. Crossley Saloon, fitted with four-wheel brakes.

### A Notable Achievement.

We are informed that under official observation the Austin Seven standard touring model created astonishment by completing, without a hitch, the 1,000 miles run, Auckland to Wellington and back, the distance being completed in 47 hours 20 mins., without stopping the engine or without mechanical adjustment. In a cablegram, the Austin Company's agent states that the cooling and lubricating systems acted perfectly. The petrol consumption was 50 m.p.g., and the average speed 21 m.p.h. The car easily negotiated mountainous country and the rough roads of the interior.

### A New Handbook.

The use of the Morris car is now so extensive that there is a real need for a comprehensive and instructive handbook dealing with the design and construction of the car itself and also with the care and maintenance of the vehicle. The majority of those who purchase Morris cars are owner-drivers, who intend to drive and look after their own cars, and are naturally desirous of keeping their running costs down to the lowest possible level.

"The Handbook of the Morris Car" (which has been prepared by the staff of "The Autocar" and is published by Iliffe and Sons, Ltd., Dorset House, Tudor Street, London, E.C.4, price 2s. net, by post 2s. 3d.) has been written with this point in view, and the subject is dealt with in a manner that can be understood by the veriest novice.

The opening chapters of the book are devoted to elementary principles, and then follows a concise description of each and every part of the Morris car, with a clear explanation of its purpose, how it works, and how it may be kept in perfect order. Other chapters deal with electrical installation, driving and management, garaging, care and maintenance, and legal matters.

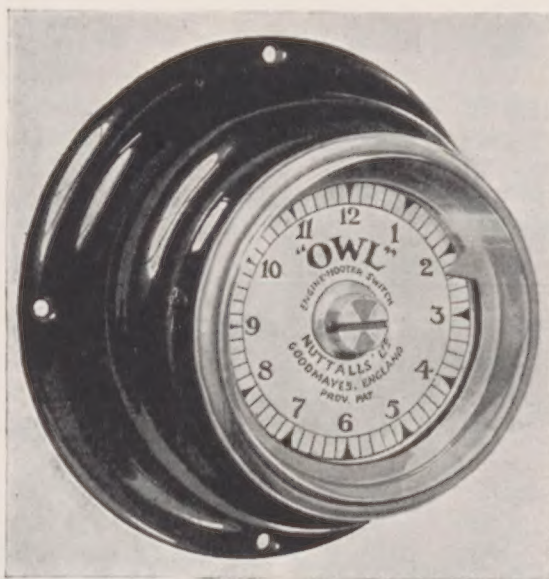
The one-ton Morris business vehicle is dealt with in a separate chapter. There are numerous clear and graphic illustrations, including several art plates giving detailed drawings of the Morris chassis.

### Can You Help, Please?

E.V.L.—information relating to lubrication system and oil recommended for 10.4 h.p. Adler, 1921. The loan of manufacturer's book of instructions, plan of chassis construction, and general specification would be much appreciated. Also experience of carburation efficiency.—Readers who can supply the required information for a fellow reader should address communications to the Editor.

### Australian Tyre Demand.

So many Australian motorists have been trying to get "balloon" comfort by running their high-pressure at half-pressure that the Dunlop Rubber Company of Australia (according to a Sydney correspondent) have had to issue a special warning. A standard high-pressure cover, it is pointed out, can be ruined in a few hundred miles if its stiff sides are "over-flexed" by lack of pressure in the tube. Heat is generated and that quickly loosens the fibres of cord.



THE "Owl" engine-hooter switch is one of the latest novelties—and a very efficient one at that—designed to warn owners of, and to frustrate, any attempt of theft. The engine can be started only when the device is set to the proper "time," while attempts to run the engine at any other than that which is correct only results in a stentorian roar on the hooter. Designed with a simple wiring arrangement, very easily executed, it should at the price of 15s. complete attract the keen interest of all motor-owners. The makers are Messrs. Nuttalls, Ltd., of Goodmayes, Essex.

The demand for tyres exceeds the supply in the Commonwealth at present. The Dunlop factory there has been working day and night and extensive additions to plant are being brought into use.

### The Great West Road.

The R.A.C. is informed that the houses which occupied a length of some 600 yards of the new Great West Road at Brentford have now been demolished and that it is hoped to complete this portion by June. At the same time the temporary surfacing on the Railway Approach at New Curve is being replaced with permanent work, and whilst this is in progress this section will be closed.

### Successes at Southport Speed Trials.

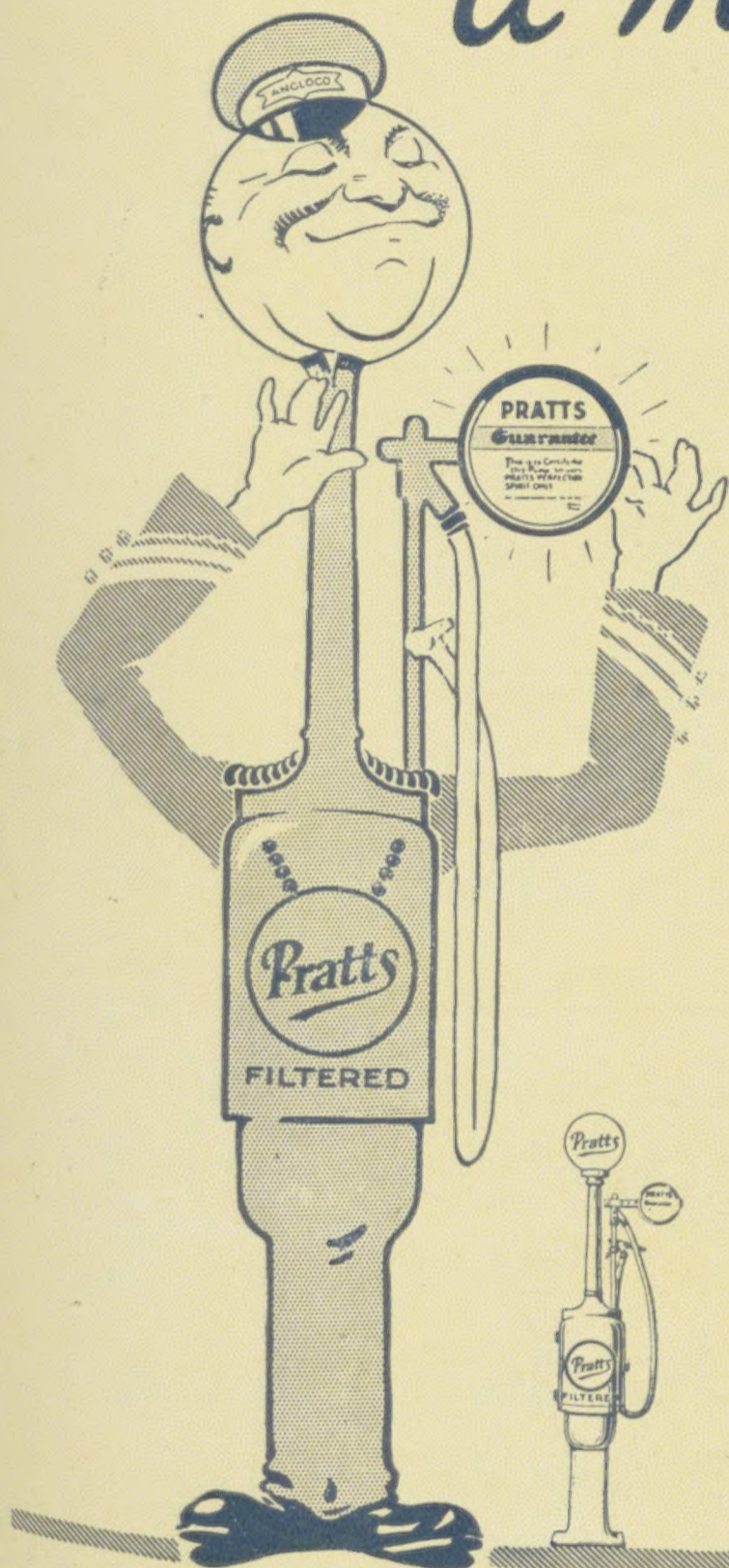
At the Southport Automobile Club's Speed Trials on Saturday, March 21st, Sunbeam cars scored an outstanding series of successes. In class 18, a one-mile race for 3,000 c.c. cars, in which there were eleven entries, Mr. G. J. Jackson's Sunbeam was first. Mr. G. J. Jackson also won class 20, the unlimited one-mile race, in which there were nine entries; and class 30, the ten-miles unlimited in which there were ten entries. In class 19, the one-mile novice's race for 3,000 c.c. cars, in which there were nine entries, Mr. C. R. W. Jackson's Sunbeam was first; the same driver and car also securing second place in class 21, the novice's unlimited one-mile race, in which there were nine entries. Four first and one second at a single meeting is certainly a good achievement, even for so well-proved a car as the Sunbeam.

### A New Monthly Journal.

"Safety First," the official journal of the National "Safety First" Association, is a monthly publication, at the price of one shilling to the public, though to members of the Association it is included as part of the subscription. The opening features of the first issue are a "Foreword" by the Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, Bart., M.P., who is President of the Association for 1925, the Duke of York's letter to the London Council, and a message on the work in the U.S.A. from Rear-Admiral Sims, who commanded the American Naval forces in European waters during the Great War.

The industrial side of the movement is dealt with in articles by Sir Thomas Legge, Senior Medical Officer, Home Office; "Why Accidents Happen" (by the Association's Safety Engineer); and an illustrated description of "Safety First" Organisation and Results in a large soap works. There are articles devoted to safe motoring; the Chief Constable of Stoke-on-Trent explains his method of preventing accidents among children in the streets, and the appalling accident toll in London is analysed. The home side is dealt with in a practical manner, and there is an amusing page for children.

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